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THE MILLION IN THE GARRET.

A STORY OF WARSAW.

*(From the Polish.)*

CHAPTER X.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

IN this way it came about that the new lodger was installed.

But it seemed as if the Chamberlain's widow was the only one really pleased with him. To make him comfortable, she ordered certain other articles to be added to his room. She even placed with her own hand a second tumbler on his table.

Miss Elizabeth did not take kindly at all to the lodger. She only valued a man who had already gained a certain position in life, a judge, or at least some retired official. A supernumerary serving for promotion, the poor wreck of better fortunes, toiling for his daily bread and rendering honest service to the state, was, in her opinion, a nobody. The former she thought already a made man, whom one might even call by some title; the latter was only the material for something that had as yet no name.

Terenia was more rational. She wondered how she could have expected that anybody but a poor supernumerary would rent a room in the garret? How could she have supposed that an

individual who corresponded with her dreams would come and locate himself among those whitewashed walls? The people who appeared to her in her dreams looked so different! They were, somehow or other, surrounded by another atmosphere than the chilly air of poverty and toil.

But she grew gradually accustomed to the lodger as to a neighbor with whom accident had made her acquainted. She soon began once more to give way to these dreams of a world into which he did not enter, and even indulged them in his presence.

The lodger's thoughts were of quite another character. The very first night he found it almost impossible to sleep. A bright head with golden tresses flitted constantly before him. It peered into his eyes, it toyed with his collar, smiled, and fled — only to return again. During his military service he had seen many bright and dark heads, and they had at times even disturbed his repose. But never had any of them been so persistent; when he had made a strong effort of the will they had always gone away. Now he was even incapable of making such an effort. Though he saw no way of keeping these golden

tresses forever with him, yet he did not wish that they should cease to be his torment.

Already, in the course of the first week, he saw that these were respectable and honest, but poor people. The old lady's rank was by no means incompatible with this. It was a period when all social relations had been reversed. The pillars which had supported the ancient structure had fallen. Many families renowned in the history of the country, had been ruined and impoverished, and the scum now floated on the surface.

Bernard had more than once seen former dignitaries of state and veterans of high rank, living in garrets, hardly knowing whence to get bread. More than once had he shared his last crust with some of them.

It did not surprise him, therefore, that the Chamberlain's widow should now be poor also. He had heard that the late Chamberlain used to enjoy himself in his prosperous days, and had dissipated not only his own but his wife's fortune. Terenia was an orphan, and possessed nothing in her own right.

While all these things reflected no disgrace on the reduced family, it could not but incite him to bolder dreams about this golden-haired head which had left him no peace since his first sleep in the adjoining room. A poor supernumerary like himself was, however, unable to support a wife;—if he were rich it might be otherwise.

He resolved, therefore, to wait patiently until a more fortunate star should shine on him. In the mean time, he would be content to serve, even if it were, as in the picture hung on his walls, for seven years.

The conviction that these people were his equals in poverty and circumstances, put him from the start on a confidential footing with them. This was, for him, a great advantage; always certain of himself, and at ease, as one ordinarily is among equals, he revealed to them sufficiently his real

nature. He had no need to act a part, but was always as God had made and General Kwasniewski had assisted a little in making him.

For the same reason the Chamberlain's widow told him almost daily, and without the least ceremony:

"And do n't forget, sir, when you return from the office, to bring four nice rolls in your pocket."

These famous rolls, large and white, were sold only in one small shop near Senator street. Bernard, greatly to the amusement of Terenia, brought them daily home in his pocket. At times Bernard also received a far more important commission. On Sundays and Thursdays the old lady used to say to him:

"Mr. Bernard, Annie is a careless girl. She has again forgotten the meat for the dumplings. Take your cap and bring it. But look out that the butcher gives you good weight; when these people see such as you they think him stupid."

Accustomed to camp life, Bernard did not shrink from such errands, but executed them so scrupulously that the Chamberlain's widow decided to give the money for the meat no more to Annie.

What was Terenia thinking of this? Hard to say! Somehow she did not get on badly with the new lodger. She often learned from him something she had not known before, improved herself in French—in return for which she occasionally played for him on the harpsichord, or drew him in caricature when he returned with the meat for the Lithuanian dumpling.

But after that, it seemed there was nothing more.

At first Bernard did not even desire anything more. Was he not at liberty to lose himself in contemplation of that golden head with the black eyes? Was he not at liberty to listen to that ravishing voice which was an hundred thousand times sweeter than the harpsichord? And what more could he desire for the present? All that was still

wanting for his perfect happiness he deferred to that moment when he should be able boldly to enter the garret, kneel down before the old lady, and propose for the tiny hand which had so often sketched his honest face with a few rapid lines on paper.

Little did the poor fellow imagine that these dreams were just then menaced by a great danger!

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### SOME PUZZLING DISCOVERIES.

Once, when Bernard had run with great zeal on an errand (probably to get meat for the dumplings) to the other end of Leszno, he caught a bad cold, and was ordered to bed.

The almost maternal attention which the honest old lady manifested, delighted him. She brought him a posset, sat the whole evening by his bedside, and talked with him about Uncle Kwasniewski. Terenia also was very friendly. She requested Miss Elizabeth several times to ask how he felt. When it grew dark, she sat down to the harpsichord and played to him her saddest airs, which reached his ears distinctly through the cracks in the door. She even hummed some plaintive song in a subdued voice—which had never happened before.

Bernard thanked God for sending him this illness, for in this illness he was so happy, so blessed. During the night he had some dreams, almost feverish ones, but such sweet, such divine dreams, that he would have wished nothing better than that they should continue to the end of his life. For he dreamed of the golden-haired head, that now seemed sad and had something like tears in its black eyes.

The next morning it was decided that he could not possibly go to the office. Even the old lady insisted that he should remain in bed.

Until nine o'clock all went on as usual. Before breakfast came prayers and a devotional hymn. But after

breakfast followed things that greatly amazed him; things which, going to the office, he had never known. Why had all this been kept a secret from him?

With the stroke of nine precisely, came somebody in creaking boots to the garret. Bernard heard his salutation through the door. Afterwards this somebody carried his pocket handkerchief, which rustled like silk, to his nose. His greeting with Terenia was very familiar; he jested, laughed, cleared his throat, and remarked that he was there every day, yet—

Bernard listened no longer. It grew dark before his eyes; his feverish imagination conjured up the most distressing pictures.

In the adjoining room ensued a lively, pleasant chat. Then followed a terrible, mysterious silence.

Only now and then, some isolated, unintelligible word penetrated by the door. Sometimes it was uttered by the unknown man, then it appeared to issue from Terenia's lovely lips.

This distressing silence endured a whole hour. To Bernard it appeared an eternity. The feverish mind of the invalid created during this hour multitudes of the most extravagant pictures.

This was to him the first convincing proof how much he loved Terenia. Before that he had not been aware of this fact himself. The next hour was, however, to throw some light on the subject.

The individual with the silk handkerchief and the creaking boots presently took leave and went away; immediately after him came another to the room, who scraped his feet on the floor like one that is bowing. He brought with him a peculiar atmosphere, made up of a thousand scents, a part of which penetrated even to Bernard's chamber. The second individual talked very little; he merely opened the harpsichord and began to play on it with Terenia.

From various words and remarks,

Bernard inferred that he was a teacher of music. From this he also inferred the other to have been a teacher of drawing. He now even remembered to have heard the pencil moving over paper.

Bernard drew a long breath of relief, and thanked God for averting the great unhappiness that had menaced him. He likewise mentally implored Terenia to pardon his suspicions, which were only a proof that he loved her more than he had hitherto been aware.

Tranquilly and happily he continued to listen to the music lesson. After the scented musician came some aged person, who talked through his nose and read something from a book, and whose nasal utterance proclaimed him to be a professor. It was something about Poland, art, literature, and a lecture on correct style and the graces of composition.

Finally the professor of Polish language and literature shut the book and said good-bye — until the morrow.

Bernard laid his head again on the pillow, and began to think it all over. His brief tranquillity commenced once more to leave him. Whether it was the natural effect of the fever which disturbed his mind, or deeper reasons that revived again his uneasiness, it would have been hard to say. At any rate, his former dark doubts had not entirely disappeared; there arose suspicions for which he could find no rational explanation. This difficulty troubled him inexpressibly.

First, no one had ever told him that teachers came here daily; yet it appeared to him that he stood now on such an intimate footing with the family that they should have kept no secrets from him.

Why had they made a mystery of it? Why had he been excluded from the plans of the family, when it appeared to him that he should already have a certain share in them? Was he not almost a member of the household? These very plans, out of which they were making a secret, might have at-

tached him still closer to them — might have made him all the happier.

Besides, in view of their visible, almost ostentatiously proclaimed, poverty, these lessons must involve a very considerable expense. What was the meaning of this contrast between their poverty and the expense? There must evidently be something concealed under it.

It grew once more dark before Bernard's eyes, for his former suspicions completely re-possessed his mind. It struck him that there must be a secret hidden behind these things, and a secret unfavorable to his hopes. People who withdraw from the great world in consequence of impoverishment, are generally not very choice in the means to which they resort to secure their future. Knowing the foibles and the tastes of that world, they would not hesitate to pander to it, if some advantage could thus be gained.

Might it not be that the ruined Chamberlain's widow had hunted up this beautiful girl and taken her under her protection, to bring her up for some aristocratic Sybarite? Even assuming that the old lady's intentions were proper, was it not evident that in educating her grandchild she secretly intended her for some rich husband? That the poor lodger could have no place in these schemes was a settled conclusion, as nothing had been mentioned to him about this education. Perhaps matters stood even worse; but poor Bernard shrank from pursuing this train of thought further.

He merely smiled bitterly. He smiled at himself for having been capable of cherishing such visionary projects during a few weeks, without the least ground for them. During this period, the thoughts of the old lady and those of her grandchild had probably never been directed his way. He had merely fetched fresh rolls in his pocket because there was no other servant, and he bargained, instead of the cook, for the meat with the butcher. Was it not madness on



his part to take such a fancy into his head? Had Terenia hitherto shown him any attention, except such as is shown to a daily acquaintance with whom accident brings folks together?

## CHAPTER XII.

### STILL IN THE DARK.

These questions, which Bernard put to himself in his lonely chamber, might have only been the result of the fever which afflicted him, or they might have been produced by the passionate love which he felt for Terenia; still, it was a fact that they arose in his mind. It was no longer possible to drive them away, or to try to forget them.

In a few days the fever left him, and his pulse resumed its regular beat; but these unanswered questions continued to weigh like mountains on his mind. He grew sad and pale, like a man who suffers from some hidden, deadly disease.

At last he was permitted to leave his room. With a palpitating heart, trembling in every limb, he went to his neighbor's apartments.

Nothing had changed there. The old lady was reading through her glasses the "Lives of the Saints." Miss Elizabeth sat spinning near the stove. Terenia was turning over some drawings in a portfolio. Having warmly welcomed him, and with a certain emotion, like a friend long absent, the Chamberlain's widow even took off her spectacles and closed her book, which she had never done before. She settled her head-dress and commenced the conversation.

"And so you have been laid up a whole week? What is to be done but to thank God that it is no worse! Your cloak is too thin, and the cold is severe. There may be an old wadded silk mantle of mine under the roof-sill. We will call in a few peddler and sell it for enough to buy some heavy stuff to line your cloak."

The interest which the old lady evidently took in him now made a painful

impression on Bernard. It seemed as if the only feeling he excited there was pity. Pity is the saddest gift that can be bestowed on one who respects himself. He returned no reply, but stole an inquiring glance at Terenia.

At this instant, his eyes encountered Terenia's. She looked at him differently to-day. There was more sympathy than he had ever noticed there before. It seemed to him as if in that one look she wished to repay herself for not having seen, during several days, a face that had now become familiar.

Bernard felt that look on his face. Never before had she gazed at him in this way. Not alone on the face, but in his very heart he felt the look. It beat uneasily under its influence.

"This long solitude has, no doubt, been very tedious for you," she remarked, never averting her eyes.

"It would have been a thousand times more tedious," he replied, brightening up, "if I had not heard behind the thin wall of my prison the voices of people so dear to me, and whom I can only with great difficulty dismiss from my thoughts."

"It is well," said the old lady, "that you should attach yourself to people instead of places, as egotists are wont to do."

Terenia cast down her black eyes; after a moment she raised them again, and then dropped them once more, slightly coloring.

"Perhaps what you heard did you harm," she remarked, half aloud, busying herself with the portfolio.

"I heard nothing but music," answered Bernard, "and that is for me always a joy. I was raised amidst the clash of arms, hearing only the din of battle. After father's death, I heard only the weeping of my mother; after her death, the whole world struck me like some strange discord; hence all harmony is to me dear and sweet."

Terenia's face blushed still more. The old lady examined Bernard with fixed attention.

"Harmony," she observed, after a pause, "is a grand word. Man should so live on this earth that, if not with the world, he may be in harmony with himself. This is the whole philosophy of human life."

The eyes of Bernard flashed with a bright light. Such brave words, uttered with such composure, could not emanate from a woman who acted differently from what she said. Terenia's face also harmonized with this sentiment, and her black eyes assumed such an ideal expression that he was sure there could be no deceit behind them.

His heart grew less heavy. At this instant he felt ashamed of his feverish fancies. In his heart he accused himself of having committed a crime in supposing that these people could harbor any unworthy thoughts. This idea touched him so deeply that he wept. He seized the old lady's hand, and then the tiny one of Terenia, covering them alternately with passionate kisses.

The Chamberlain's widow was visibly affected. She kissed his brow, and made the sign of the cross over it.

Terenia shrunk within herself like a rosebud, quickly drew back her hand, and cast a frightened look at her grandmother. The old lady smiled on her with a certain gratification which the maiden could not interpret.

"Adversity, Master Bernard," after a while said the Chamberlain's widow, "is the great school of life. Some good and honest men come out of it; but it may also break down and destroy the feeble. You have been made all the better by it."

Terenia experienced at this moment a singular fluttering. She tried to find a certain drawing, and could not succeed, though it was ten times in her hand.

Bernard was happy all day long.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN EXPLANATION.

It is in the nature of the human heart always to tend to disquiet. Its

state is unrest, whether at the summit of felicity or in the depths of despair. Rest is, with it, synonymous with death. The lot of man is to hope and to fear. This Bernard now experienced. He was happy the entire day, and it seemed to him that no cloud marred his happiness; that it would always remain so bright, as the sky shines out after a long spell of bad weather.

Yet new and distressing thoughts came to him that night. As mists which the sunshine has dispersed will gather again in another quarter of the sky, so to him returned again some of his former suspicions.

He could apparently not understand how people in such reduced circumstances were able to spend so much money on a superior education, and why they should keep it a secret from him. The suspicion that there must be some sinister design, he had abandoned; but he could not reconcile their conduct with his common sense.

This alone survived of his former misgivings. But it was a question to which he could find no satisfactory answer. Vainly did he puzzle his brains; he could think of nothing.

On the following day, after a sleepless night, he went, pale and worn out, to the Chamberlain's widow. The lady took a long look at him, and then turned a searching glance at Terenia.

Even in the midst of the conversation which ensued, Bernard noticed some strange understanding between the old lady and her grandchild. He could not comprehend what it meant. Several times his eyes met those of Terenia, but they fled so quickly somewhere deep under their silken lashes, that even with the best exertion he could read nothing in them.

After a while Terenia rose and took, with a certain reluctance, a new portfolio containing drawings, from the bureau. She opened it and slowly drew out a large cartoon, which she laid in silence on the table.

Bernard saw that it was one of those allegories which were then greatly ad-

mired. In one part of it was a large crowd. This was made up of people of various ages and conditions in life. There were children, young maidens, aged men, boys, grown men and mature matrons, all engaged in occupations suitable to their years. Above them, in the transparent air, was the dance of the Hours. They whirled around in regular order at a furious pace, and taught the moral that time flies quickly. It was, most likely, a copy from some of the better masters; but executed with unusual care, talent, and pains. The Hours, especially, were so airy and transparent that they seemed ready to dissolve.

Bernard gazed in rapture on this picture. Terenia stood near him with an expression of regret on her face.

"How do you like the picture?" asked the old lady. "It is all Terenia's doing."

Bernard was so struck by the picture that he could find no words. Only from his face and eyes was it to be perceived what a profound impression this exquisite composition had made upon him.

"It cost me a good deal of money," continued the old lady. "The teacher under whose instructions she made the picture charged fifty florins a lesson. But what can one do; even that may happen in a lifetime!"

Bernard was inordinately pleased that an opportunity should present itself to talk about the matters which had so terribly distressed him during the night. Only he knew not how to begin. Coloring, he said, in a trembling voice:

"This is a very fine and pleasant pastime—but only for rich people."

"Hence," quickly added the old lady, "the rich have made it their pastime; but to the poor it may be bread."

Bernard looked wonderingly at the old lady. The clouded horizon began to clear.

"You see, sir," continued the old lady, "the poor must turn everything to account. If somebody has a thou-

sand florins in his pocket, and buys nothing with them, he acts foolishly. But if he buys knowledge with the money, cultivates an inborn talent, then these thousand florins may become an inexhaustible fund."

Bernard's face brightened still more. With a glance, he implored Terenia to forgive him.

"While sick, sir, you have no doubt heard that different professors came to instruct Terenia. So you perceive that I need not regret these few florins, for Terenia not only improves herself, but in the event of my death she will have no trouble to earn a living. People often encounter various fortunes. I also was once rich, lived in palaces; but I am now in a garret. Palaces, it is true, do not confer happiness; but even in a garret happiness will not come of itself—it must be earned."

Bernard looked to the ground with constantly growing satisfaction. He was now ashamed of his former suspicions. He saw how unjustly he had prejudged people, the most estimable in the world, and charged them with sinister views.

"Thus you see, sir," resumed the old lady, "the investments in Terenia's portfolio begin already to yield some returns. From time to time a picture is sold, and then there is not only something with which to pay the professor of drawing, but even enough left over to pay the professor of history."

"Then," exclaimed Bernard, with moist eyes, "this picture is to be sold?"

"Yes, it is," replied the old lady, curtly; "and you shall go and sell it."

Bernard looked at Terenia, who was just then looking at him. There was an expression in her black eyes which he had never seen. It was a sad, yet a happy, blessed expression.

"And I am really to sell this picture?" he asked, with a pained tone.

"You will demand one hundred florins for it," said the old lady, briefly but firmly.

"Are you determined on it?" asked Bernard, with a beseeching glance at the picture.

"Poor people," interposed the old lady, "have no right to become attached to their pastimes as if these were the end of their life. Work is their bread; hence work has to be exchanged for bread."

Terenia appeared to consider her grandmother's answer to be also her own. Her eyes flashed up with a strange light. She gave one more look at her work, as if to take leave of it.

Bernard reflected. In truth, the last vestiges of his suspicions had now disappeared; but it cost him at the moment a great deal. He was to be the

sacrilegious wretch who should take the toil of so many hours by those tiny hands—take that precious picture to some Jew, and say "give me one hundred florins for it."

"If you don't like to do it," remarked the old lady, with a frown, "I will call up a Jew, as usual."

"No," quickly exclaimed Bernard; "I shall go myself and sell it."

The Chamberlain's widow carefully folded up the picture in some tissue paper, and handed it to him. With a deprecatory look at Terenia, as if to ask her to forgive him the sin, Bernard took the picture and went to his own room.

*W. P. Morris.*

#### MY LADY.

HERE she comes—my lady—so fair and so fine  
From the gold of her hair to the glitter and shine  
Of her Pompadour silk with its ruffles of lace—  
A wonderful vision of fashion and grace.

Here she comes—my lady—drawing on the pink gloves  
Which I know, even here, have the scent that she loves;  
And soft, as she moves her fingers of snow,  
I catch in the movement the sparkle and glow

Of the ring that I gave her—the diamond solitaire  
That marks her "my lady," in Vanity Fair;  
My lady—my jewel—to have and to hold  
As her diamond is held—in a *setting of gold*.

My lady—my jewel—would she sparkle and glow  
If into the light I should suddenly go,  
And stand where her beautiful eyes would discover  
In the flash of a moment, the eyes of her lover?

Would she turn to my glance as the diamond turns  
To the light all its rays, till it blushes and burns?  
Should I, standing thus, in that moment—her lover,  
Be the light, all the light of her soul to discover?

Ah, my lady—my jewel—so fair and so fine,  
Of your soul I have had little token or sign;  
When I put on your finger that diamond solitaire,  
*I knew I was buying in Vanity Fair!*

*Nora Perry.*

## A DRAMATIC SENSATION.

## I.

THERE was something mysterious about a certain house in Grubb street, which attracted the notice of all eyes, and exercised a spell over all beholders. The most hurried passer-by bestowed a glance upon it, and it seemed to be impossible for anyone to pass it and remain uninfluenced by its strange charm, which was akin to that fascination which exists in the minds of the superstitious for a house said to be haunted. Young and old, grave and gay, were ruled by the magic of its spell.

It was interesting to watch the varied expressions that were displayed by the many faces turned toward this house of mystery. They would seem to indicate that the effects of supernatural influences (if such there were) were vastly different in various subjects. On some faces there was an expression of bewildered curiosity; on some grins; on some sneers; and on some very striking expressions of nothing at all—blank faces, from which all portrayal of idea seemed wiped out—manifestations that seemed to indicate that nature despaired of expressing herself.

One man smiled as if he thought it "a very good un indeed, ha, ha!" Another man sneered as if in denunciation of something abominable. Another knowingly murmured "quackery;" and another seemed to have found some suggestion of a subject which would furnish him with matter for deep study for a week.

Children gazed at the sight in wonder; so did the vegetable women; and the old-iron-and-rag-man, who made occasional incursions into Grubb street, reined up his plug before the marvelous house, and gave himself up to the witchery of its influence.

Probably, if anyone had selected a point of view in Grubb street favora-

ble to the observation of the prosaic straight-up-and-down architecture which was a general characteristic of that unfashionable but highly respectable street, they could not have discovered in this much observed house any exception to the general rule of dullness and quiet respectability which applied to nearly every building in that vicinity. It was a large three-story red brick house, plain and unpretentious in every feature, standing some distance back from the street, and approached by a wide gravel walk, with a row of bushy lilacs on each side, by which the lower portion of the house was partially concealed. There was in the appearance of the house, or any of its surroundings, nothing which would excite curiosity, unless some more remarkable detail was screened by the lilacs.

Perhaps it was with the desire to investigate this place, that a party of school-children hung upon the garden gate and stared intently up the gravel walk upon a certain afternoon. While they were deep in their reflections, a very angular female, in an exceedingly slimpsy dress, made her appearance upon the scene, having approached so noiselessly as to have come into the immediate presence of the scientific investigators before they were aware of it. A fortuitous glance served to enchain her attention to the house of mystery, which seemed to exert upon her an influence of a more alarming character than was manifested by the majority of the fascinated beholders; but apparently being aware of great danger in the enthrallment, she broke the charm by a masterly effort, and bounded from the sidewalk, in impulsive obedience to the prime law of nature which recognizes the importance of self-preservation. Having reached the middle of the street, a second nobler impulse stopped her for a mo-

ment. She paused to rescue the imperilled innocents, and addressed them appealingly, thus :

"Run home ! Run home, or you 'll die, every one of you ! It's the cholera, or something ! Why don't you run, you miserable, nasty little brats you !"

When she had thus discharged the beautiful services of charity, she resumed her flight, and disappeared around the corner.

The agitated female had not been gone for half an hour, nor the spell-bound children for half a minute, when two young men might have been observed at a distance, leisurely sauntering down Grubb street, and apparently examining every house on their way, as they passed it. An observer would have been struck by the contrast presented in these two individuals, one of whom was a rosy-faced, nervous young man, wearing a rather flashy suit of very light velvet, a profusion of rings and watch-chain ornaments, and a pair of blinding eye-glasses. From the manner of his walk, one would draw the inference that his patent leather boots were rather a tight fit ; but this was probably an illusion, for he twirled his little rattan cane with an air of the most complete self-satisfaction.

The other young man was a thin and cadaverous person, who seemed to be somewhat absent-minded, inasmuch as his companion, though very animated and vivacious in conversation, could only draw reluctant monosyllabic replies from him. He was careless in his dress, and had the air of a student who had acquired, from long devotion to study, a manner of silence and introspection. But, though his lips were mute, his eyes were eloquent, and seemed by their brilliant glowing to indicate the great thoughts of his ever active mind, which his lips could not utter.

One thing in common these two young men possessed, and that was a peculiar air of distinction, which at-

taches to that class of persons whom they themselves were accustomed to term "professionals." They were, in fact, members of the "Galaxy Dramatic Company," which nightly entertained immense and enthusiastic audiences at the Lyric Theatre, upon which occasions they added their individual talents to those of that same artistic combination for the consideration of ten dollars a week, and their desire "to elevate the tone of the drama."

These gentlemen, apparently so devoted to the study of the architecture of Grubb street, slowly approached the house of mystery, and yielded to the power of its fascination. They seemed to be rooted to the spot, and gazed up the gravel walk with eyes of wonder.

It was the man of studious mien who broke the silence, strange to say, with the exclamation, "Thunder and guns ! To which the man in velveteens responded, "I should say so, by gol !"

"We are in the wrong pew, St. Aboris," continued the first speaker ; "it ain't the place."

"Yes it is, De Mormalonde."

"But what number is it ?"

"The number is all right. I have n't been moping all the way here, if you have. What an owl you do make of yourself !"

"This is decidedly mixed, St. Aboris, I must say. Consult your slip."

"I tell you, old boy, it is all right," persisted St. Aboris, taking his wallet from his pistol-pocket and producing the "slip," which was merely an advertisement clipped from that column of the "Herald" which is headed "Board and Lodgings." "There ! what did I tell you ? 'Grubb street' : well, this is it. 'No. 175' : that is No. 174 across the road, and this must be 175. But what a spectacle ! Oh, Moses !"

"Shall we go in ?" meekly inquired De Mormalonde. "Perhaps it's the small-pox."

"Oh, yer grandmother !" exclaimed St. Aboris, contemptuously ; and he boldly entered the yard, and, followed



by De Mormalonde, whom he inspirited by his courageous manner, walked carelessly up the gravel walk, from which place was conspicuously visible that remarkable feature of the otherwise unnoticeable house, which in any other line of sight was concealed by the lilacs.

It was a ghastly grinning skull and bones, gleaming from an immense yellow placard. St. Aboris and De Mormalonde, after the former had rung the bell, had only time to observe the general air of neatness and good order which characterized the house and all that pertained to it (with the exception of the yellow placard, which seemed a blotch upon its face), and to notice that the little door-plate read "Fluke," in German text, when the door was opened by a very pretty young lady, with her hair in curl-papers.

St. Aboris, who naturally felt that the duty of spokesman devolved upon him, essayed to speak with his usual careless elegance; but whether the combined efforts of withstanding the peculiar influence of the skull and bones, and inspiring his less courageous friend, or the very different influence which had its source in the presence of the fair one in curl-papers, caused him to be confused, it is impossible to tell; but he certainly suffered from great bashfulness at that moment—an infirmity foreign to his nature.

"Good afternoon, madam. I—I—Fluke is the name, I believe. Ahem, I—"

"Yes, sir: Fluke is my name."

"I referred to the 'Herald'—that is, to the advertisement, ma'am."

"We come in quest of a boarding-place, having seen a notice in the 'Herald,'" said De Mormalonde, coming to the rescue.

"Certainly; have the goodness, if you please, to walk in, gentlemen—this way, please. Your hats, gentlemen. Be seated; and if you will excuse me, I will call my ma."

Left to themselves, the young gen-

tlemen were employing the interval of waiting by tracing the intricate pattern of the wall-paper, and thinking what an unconscionably homely figure it was, when a brisk rustling in the hall suggested the idea of starched calico and the approach of some person. Immediately, as their attention was attracted towards the doorway, it was nearly filled up by the portly presence of an elderly lady, whom they correctly decided was the mother of the young lady in curl-papers. She was a chubby matron, with a full face, and a little round nose, which afforded only a precarious lodgement for a pair of steel-bow spectacles, which were prevented from falling off by a string passed behind her head. Her hair was arranged in two very becoming little tufts upon her temples, and a round little coil behind. She might be briefly described as a comely person of general rotundity.

She greeted the young men with a dignified salute, and took her seat, saying she "presumed they came to apply for lodgings, and Mrs. Fluke was her name."

Both gentlemen arose and bowed, and St. Aboris, by so doing, tossed off his eye-glasses, and again became embarrassed. De Mormalonde was the first to speak. He was proud of his superior address, while his friend was overcome by the entrancing presence of the fair one in curl-papers, and was determined to follow up his advantage.

"My name is De Mormalonde," said he; "and this is my friend, Mr. St. Glinders."

Mrs. Fluke politely bowed; De Mormalonde blushed as red as the rose of June; and St. Aboris sat pale as a ghost, and evidently petrified by astonishment—in order to explain which, be it known that the names of these young gentlemen were assumed with a view to euphony, and because they looked better in the bills of the Lyric than their own.

"Alphonzo St. Aboris, the rising Protean Star," was no other than the

plain Christopher Glinders, of the "dead past"—a past which had not been long dead, but which he was fond of saying "would never burst its bonds of sepulture." Under that barbarous name, he had endured a miserable existence as a green-grocer, until that happy time when he, in company with a friend in the fresh fish trade—Johnny Bowler by name, who more recently had given himself to the world of art, under the name of Oswald De Mormalonde—discovered to exist within themselves the sparks of genius, and longed to fan them into flame. An engagement at the Lyric was entered into, and there they found a field, destined, they believed, to afford them opportunities for action, though not such as their talents deserved. They had been engaged at the Lyric only for a few weeks when they found a change of boarding place desirable, and to the house of Mrs. Fluke—175 Grubb street—had Fate, operating through the "Herald"—led them.

De Mormalonde, rendered very miserable by his mishap, made one more gallant attempt to sustain the conversation.

"You have n't got the small-pox here, have you?" asked he mildly, with a thought of the yellow placard.

"Oh, my soul, young man, what do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished landlady.

"No offence, I assure you, madam; only we noticed—indeed it is so very conspicuous, madam—how could we help it?" gasped De Mormalonde.

"What is conspicuous? What was it, sir, you noticed? Lord, is my hair a comin' down?"

"Probably," interposed St. Aboris—"probably he spoke with regard to—that is, refers—in the delicatest manner possible, to—to your skull and bones, ma'am."

"Oh, goodness me! Oh, 'Mandy!"

"Yes, ma'am—just so; my friend is just right. I merely attempted to say, that I noticed your—your hieroglyphics!"

"You are mistaken, sir; I have n't

got the hysterics," cried the poor lady, now thoroughly aroused, as the idea darted through her brain that these men were raving lunatics. She turned deathly pale, but thought that all depended on keeping up a bold appearance, and so made a great effort.

"I am as well as I ever was in my life, and strong—oh, very strong. I am stronger than two ordinary men, sir," added she, with the hope of intimidating her terrible guests.

But while she spoke, she grew still paler; it seemed that she must fall from out her chair. In order to prevent such a catastrophe, both of the young gentlemen sprang to their feet and rushed toward her. Their praiseworthy intentions had not the desired result, however, for the suffering lady, seeing in their approach only a menace of personal injury, screamed for help at the top of her voice.

De Mormalonde and St. Aboris stood like statues in the middle of the room, and the lady of the house sat, pale as death, glaring at them, when the young lady, who had appeared at the street door, rushed into the room, trembling so violently with alarm, that the paper curls fairly danced upon her head.

She was followed by the strapping red-headed servant girl, whose gown was much bespattered. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and so pinned up as to simulate fearful deformity. In her hand she grasped a toasting fork, probably as a weapon of defence, and she stationed herself in the doorway—whether with the idea of offence or defence was somewhat problematical.

"Oh, Lordy goodness, ma, what does ail you? You are as pale as death! Biddy, run and get the camphor—*quick!* Oh, dear—and the hartshorn, too!" cried the young lady.

"No, no, Biddy, stop! I ain't sick," gasped Mrs. Fluke.

"Did you have one of those stitches in your side, ma?"

"No, Amandy; no, no!"

"P'raps, miss, her stays, miss, as troubles her?" suggested Biddy.

"Oh, dear mademoiselle," struck in St. Aboris, "allow me to explain. Really, I—I—am so distressed—I can't speak."

"Faith, thin, and it 's the young gentleman as is sick. Why do n't ye sit down, man alive, and kape aisy like! and" (turning to De Mormalonde) "why do n't ye hilp yer friend, mis-ther?"

"Oh, murder! murder!" groaned Mrs. Fluke, rendered almost incapable of speech.

"Hear *me!* hear *me!*" cried De Mormalonde. "It was only that blasted label on your house."

"Mandy, Mandy, they are insane. I know they be. Oh, they will do something horrid in a minute! Run and call the perlice, Biddy, at the top of your voice. Oh, they 'll kill us or set the house on fire, or something! Help! help!"

Amanda shrieked, and sprang to her mother. They embraced each other in the frenzy of despair, and gazed at the two horrible young men, who still stood in the middle of the room, with the cold sweat pouring from their brows. For them the situation was quite as serious as for the ladies. They apprehended innumerable miseries still to come. They expected to see the two ladies fall senseless upon the floor. As for themselves, they dared not think upon the result. The police would be in upon them in a moment—the servant girl had rushed to call them, screaming as she went. They gazed piteously at the doorway, expecting momentarily to see them appear, to bear them away to the station house. Alas for their peace of mind, they did not know that Biddy had fled to the sanctuary of her bedroom, and was trembling as violently as themselves, as she imagined that she heard smothered cries of murder proceeding from the parlor.

The silence, which was more horrible than the brief strife of tongues had

been, was at length broken by De Mormalonde saying: "Ladies, we will be *happy* to retire, before we become involved in any more unpleasantness. We have no wish to create any disturbance in the neighborhood, and will retire *without the assistance of the police*. Oh, why did you call 'm— [trembling]? We would not wish to make the slightest disturbance or give you the slightest pain. If you will only explain now that it was all a misunderstanding!"

Then St. Aboris chimed in: "We are innocent as babes! Oh, do listen to reason—and you, miss. I have not intended to be at all personal in my remarks. I have only alluded to your sign, and wondered what might be the significance of it. But be calm; we will retire before the police come. Hurry up, De Mormalonde; let's get out of this!"

"Could n't you read the sign, sir?" inquired Amanda, who had grown bold as she noticed the desire to leave which De Mormalonde so unmistakably manifested.

"Oh, Mandy, why do you talk back to them lunatics?"

"We have seen nothing to read, miss," said De Mormalonde. "But as for that infernal yellow thing stuck up on your house—"

"What yellow thing?"

"Mandy, oh, Mandy, hush!"

"Let me alone, mother, I am going to see what they mean."

With this determination, she led the way to the door. The young men politely made way for Mrs. Fluke, who was afraid to stay behind alone; and the party proceeded to the front door yard, where they obtained a view of the skull and bones. No sooner had Amanda seen this mysterious placard than her manner entirely changed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried she; "I see it all. Oh, my, what a joke—what a preposterous spectacle! Oh, mother, the joke is on me, but I do n't care. You see, gentlemen, we never intended to display such a grim looking sign as

this is. This sign—let me take it down—is one of the placards which the trick performer and magician, who called himself the Fakir of Iva, left here when he ran away without paying his board. This skull and bones he posted all over town, to attract attention. You see, I printed upon this side this inscription—'Boarding, by the Day or Week,' and then sent Biddy to tack it up; but she put the skull and bones side up."

"Oh, merciful! that is why everybody has been staring at the house so. 'Mandy, it's a calomel upon my name!'"

The gentlemen were enraptured, to be thus extricated from the misunderstandings in which they had become entangled, and they succeeded in making the most satisfactory agreements in regard to board. They engaged a room in the third story, and were to occupy it at once. With this arrangement they withdrew.

De Mormalone seemed to be much relieved, and quitted the place with a manifest sense of gratification; but St. Aboris regretted that they had no excuse for tarrying, and looked longingly behind, and Amanda gave him a parting smile that went to his heart.

## II.

At the time of the events narrated, Mrs. Fluke had endured the solitude of widowhood for a year. That lapse of time had not eradicated from her heart the memory of Solomon Fluke. She sought for no change of her condition. She had burdens to bear, but she would bear them alone.

Solomon Fluke had not left a fortune to his widow. She had only his precious memory, and her daughter Amanda—aged seventeen. Her deceased husband had been a man of great generosity, owing to which fact he had not accumulated wealth, although his great skill in his profession was amply remunerated. He stood high in his profession, and his wife was proud of his fame. He was a veterinarian.

Owing to her pride, and a slight misconception of her vocabulary, Mrs. Fluke usually referred to him as "the Veteran."

There were many testimonials to the memory of the "Veteran" about the house. His portrait, by Quimby, looked through the fly-netting by which it was protected, as if typifying its original—veiled but not obliterated by absence. His bust, by O'Brien, occupied a prominent place upon the mantel shelf. Still another memorial hung upon the wall of the little sitting room, which was an elaborate piece of worsted work, representing a weeping willow, drooping above an urn, on which a female leaned one elbow, and appeared to smell of a very large handkerchief. Above this very expressive design was wrought the words, "A Melancholy Tribute;" and on the urn might be seen the conclusion of the legend, "To the Veteran." The appropriateness of the words appeared very striking to the observer.

St. Aboris and De Mormalone appeared to Mrs. Fluke to be very singular young men—especially the latter. He had such a peculiar brooding air; he seemed to be always absorbed in some dark, mysterious reverie. St. Aboris was not so bad; but he was bad enough. Both were strange creatures. They kept late hours—very late, indeed—and they lay in bed nearly half of the day. She was sorry she took them to board.

She had been indulging in many such reflections for a long time one afternoon, when at length she remarked to Amanda:

"I suspicion people who sleep all day and are up to Heaving knows what, all night."

"I do n't think there is anything suspicious about Alphonzo, ma."

"About *who*, child?"

"Alphonzo! St. Aboris, of course."

"Land's mercy! do n't Alphonzo him."

"He is a very nice young man, I am sure, ma."

"What is he spreeing around for, every night, then; and abed all day — him and that black imp o' Satan, De Mormalone? Ugh, I'm as 'fraid as death of *him*."

"At least Alphonzo pays his board promptly."

"*Mandy, you blush!*"

"And he is very gentlemanly! And oh, so educated! He knows all the 'Great Events' in the Almanac."

"*Mandy, you're as red as a beet.*"

"No, I ain't; it's very warm here."

"Has — he — *said anything* to you, 'Mandy?' (aside.) "Oh how I wish the Veteran was alive!"

Amanda was speechless.

"What was it, Amandy? Confide in ma."

The girl dropped upon her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap, and sobbing, replied:

"He said (sniff) we were two souls with but a single (sniff) thought, two hearts that beat (sniff) as one, (sniff) and so I promised to marry him."

There was no more said. The heart of each was full, but with emotions vastly different. Amanda's tears were those of joy; they were the dew-drops on the rose; but her mother was weighed down with unhappy apprehensions — her spirit felt the bitterness of deep unrest.

### III.

De Mormalone certainly was a self-absorbed person; he seemed always to be plunged in the depths of profound reverie, and oft-times, in his manner, appeared like one who was aroused from a drowse. Sometimes his thoughts were so much the masters of his senses that he would mutter them to himself, unconsciously, much to the amazement of his hearers.

These strange characteristics grew from the intense ambition which was his ruling passion. He thirsted for fame in his chosen career, and was studying plans for the realization of his lofty aims. He longed to dazzle the world by the splendor of his genius —

to make his name the synonym of artistic perfection. He aspired to be the greatest tragedian of his age, and, to use his own words, "to make his histrionic style the lamp for succeeding votaries of Art."

With this end in view, he proposed to write, and to act the principal part in, a grand emotional tragedy, which would afford scope for his peculiar powers. He had ransacked the whole repertorium of dramatic literature, from the Elizabethan dramatists down to contemporaneous "Blood-drinkers," in the vain endeavor to find a part exactly suited to his genius. St. Aboris had recommended Shakespeare.

"I tell you," said he, "old Shakespeare will always be a big card, he will."

But De Mormalone declared that Shakespeare afforded no character suitable for him. Doubtless he was quite right. Othello was defective, in that he smothered Desdemona — an incident that he regarded as being very tame. No heroine of tragedy ought to die in a whole skin. Macbeth, nosed around by the women, was too weak; and Lear was a drivelling old fool. Romeo sickened him by his sentimentality, and Hamlet was too puling — his melancholy was childish, and he would have appeared as well had he raved around with the stomach-ache. "Really," said he, "I could not make anything out of Hamlet, if I was put to it for life or death."

He was perfectly sincere. Probably his convictions were confirmed by his observation of the experience of others, gifted with talents similar to his own. As with Shakespeare, so with them all. They did not afford the requisites for the display of his talent; therefore he set himself to work to construct the pedestal, as it were, on which to exhibit the figure of his genius.

He had completed his grand emotional tragedy, entitled "The Carnival of Blood," and devoted his leisure to the rehearsal of his great character of Stealogo, the Greek. He devoted him-

self with the utmost assiduity to the study of this part, which, for frenzy and blood-thirstiness, exceeded anything ever seen upon the boards of the Lyric Theatre—which is saying a great deal.

On the evening following that afternoon when Amanda had revealed to her mother the state of her heart, De Mormalonde and St. Aboris returned home at an earlier hour than usual, owing to the fact that their appearance was not required in the afterpiece. They spent some time in the parlor, but De Mormalonde, who seemed ill at ease and more than usually absorbed, soon withdrew, leaving a clear field for St. Aboris and Amanda, since Mrs. Fluke had previously retired.

The little clock in the dining room had struck twelve, and still the lovers lingered in the parlor. De Mormalonde was rehearsing his tragedy, and poor Mrs. Fluke, ceasing to court the sleep that would not come to her, gave herself up to the miseries of her thoughts. She was anxious for Amanda. She dreaded the consequences which might result from the sentiments her daughter entertained for St. Aboris—but she thanked her stars that it was not De Mormalonde; she was so mortally afraid of *him*!

"How like a cold-blooded, crafty murderer," thought she, "he does appear! and of late he is worse than ever he was. Every night he goes clattering around his room like a madman. It is a wonder when he gets any sleep. Oh my! supposing he should set the house on fire? There, what's that? I hear him this very minute."

She sat up in bed to listen. Her bedroom was on the second floor, but she still could hear a noise in the third story, which sounded as if some one were raving in the nightmare. It was, however, the voice of the ambitious tragedian, who was enthusiastically rehearsing the part of Stealogo, over which he had become so enthusiastic that he at times forgot to keep his voice in the low tone which he intended. She got up and put her head out of the

door in order to hear better; but the noise subsided into a low murmur. She felt very curious to know what he could be doing, and felt a strong temptation to steal up stairs and see if everything was all right.

"But what if St. Aboris should come up!" thought she. It was an alarming idea; still she might flee by means of the back stairs and avoid him. The temptation was too great. She threw a small shawl across her shoulders, and stole cautiously up-stairs in her night-gown and stockinged feet. She trembled with excitement, but her curiosity had the mastery of her, and she could not turn back. She crept stealthily to the door of De Mormalonde's room, and placed her ear close to the keyhole.

It was a critical moment. De Mormalonde was in the midst of the horrors of the "Carnival of Blood," in which thrilling tragedy, as before mentioned, he was preparing himself to appear as Stealogo, the Greek, private secretary to the Count Valerina, with whose daughter, Elvira, he was madly in love. The Count "discovers all," and consigns Elvira to a convent cell for having given Stealogo "encouragement." Stealogo, the Greek, is imprisoned by the Count, in a dungeon of his castle, with the intention of starving him. The Countess Valerina comes to the door of his cell and mocks him. By night he escapes. It is Carnival time; he assumes a gay dress and joins the maskers. He resolves on revenge. He murders the Count and his attendants in their state barge during the festivities, by serving them with poisoned wine. Under cover of his mask, he seeks and destroys all his other enemies.

The trembling woman placed her ear to the keyhole just as De Mormalonde was about to deliver the frenzied address of Stealogo, who, having knocked the gondolier overboard, had abducted the Countess, and fled with her to an unfrequented canal, where he was about to murder her and throw her



body in the water. As he approached the crisis of the drama, he became inspired with a delirium of passion, and in tones of madness screamed :

"Ha, thou who camest to my door with taunts and gibes and sneers, prepare to meet thy fate ! T-r-r-remble, thou proscribed one, for I will incarnadine thy robes of white with the red current of thy bad heart's blood, warmly sp-r-r-inging from its fount ! Think-est thou, thou canst avert thy doom ? Nay, nay ! I will not be cheated of my sweet revenge. Seest thou this stiletto ? It is a trusty steel. It hath stood me in good stead this rare carnival-tide. And *now* it shall drink deep the ambrosial draught of thy heart's blood ! Ah-h-h—thou shalt die, thou Jezebel—*shalt die—shalt die !*"

A piercing shriek, proceeding from the third story, rang throughout the house, and then came a noise as of some one tumbling down stairs. It was Mrs. Fluke in retreat. She did not stop at the second floor, but rushed wildly on, descending the lower flight of stairs to within four or five steps from the foot, when, thinking she heard the approach of her pursuer, she bounded over the banister rail, and alighted, with a great crash, upon a table filled with bowls of jelly, still in a liquid form, which had been placed there by Biddy "for the stuff to jell." This accident did not materially check her progress. She arose from the ruins of the table and crockery, and rushed into the parlor, presenting a frightful appearance, with her eyes glaring in terror, her face blanched and bruised by her fall, her hair streaming about her shoulders, and her night-gown apparently saturated with blood.

St. Aboris and Amanda were sitting upon the little sofa in the corner. They had been startled by the crash in the hall, but had not had time to arise before Mrs. Fluke, in her alarming plight, had bounded into the room. For several seconds they gazed at one another incapable of speech. Then came another crash. It was De Mormalonde

falling down stairs in his haste to ascertain the cause of that piercing shriek which, strange to say, had thoroughly aroused him from his entrancement. Amanda groaned, and threw her apron over her head to shut out the view of horrors yet to come. Mrs. Fluke, seemingly with one bound, ensconced herself in the corner behind the sofa, and cried "Save, oh save me !" in accents of terror.

It was an awful moment for St. Aboris, but he displayed his usual presence of mind. He seized the water-pitcher and poured its contents, ice and all, upon the head of Amanda, whom he supposed had fainted, and then hurled the empty pitcher at the head of De Mormalonde, who was just entering the room.

De Mormalonde was much agitated by the scream and his fall, and was rendered still more so by his hostile reception and the tableau presented by the panic-stricken group.

"Hellen the Devil !" exclaimed he, wildly ; "what is the matter down here, Glinders ?"

"Oh, Bowler ! I thought you was the murderer or a burglar or something."

"Jerusalem ! what ails the women ? What are you squeezing yourself down in there for, ma'am ? [Groan from Mrs. Fluke.] And, oh, my goodness, what are you doing with your head asoak and your lap full of ice ? You look like a condensed water-cure establishment !"

"Oh, protect me from him ! Oh, save me—save me !" cried Mrs. Fluke in a muffled voice, from behind the sofa.

"From whom, my dear lady ?" asked St. Aboris.

"From De—from De Morm—"

"From *me* !" exclaimed De Mormalonde. "It's always me ! Oh, why was I born ?"

"Do not be alarmed, ladies," said St. Aboris, who saw the approach of no enemy, and began to feel secure. "I will defend you."

"Oh, mother, mother ! what does

this all mean? It seems like a horrible nightmare. What is it? Oh, mother!"

"Amanda, dearest, be calm! All is well. Your ma perhaps has been walking in her sleep and met with some trifling accident, but—"

"Oh, no, no, no!" yelled Mrs. Fluke. "He threatened to kill me. Oh-h-h! I heard him raving in his room, with a dagger in his hand, and he said he'd track me through the world, and then he sprang—oh, dear, dear!"

"When, mother, when?" asked Amanda.

"Just now; not five minutes ago," said Mrs. Fluke, rising above the sofa.

"But *where* was he, dear madam?" demanded St. Aboris. "Did you say—"

"Oh—he was in his room, and I—I—" stammered Mrs. Fluke, in great confusion, "I just happened to be passing his door. I—I went up stairs to turn the ventilator. The house needs airing."

The young men at once understood the situation, and having explained away its mystery, were becoming very profuse in apologies, when Amanda exclaimed:

"Oh, Lordy, ma! *you've got your night-gown on!*"

For a moment another panic seemed imminent.

"Do n't raise another alarm, for the love of mercy!" cried St. Aboris, and both men rushed from the room.

When the clock struck one, quiet once more reigned throughout the house, and all its inmates were in bed.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Fluke, "if the Veteran had lived, I would have been spared all this!" But in sleep she soon forgot her woes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years have come and gone since that night of confusion and alarm, with many changes in their train. St. Aboris and Amanda are married, and with them Mrs. Fluke finds a happy home, though she still mourns for the Veteran.

De Mormalonde is not married, but he is engaged—so he is quite as happy.

Over the door of a large grocery establishment, in Carryall street, hangs a bold sign, that reads

GLINDERS AND BOWLER.

Our friends have abandoned both their artistic career and their artistic names; but they have not forgotten the incidents associated with them, especially those pertaining to the "Carnival of Blood."

William D. Wood.

#### BIRD OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the wintry days die young,  
And the clouds flit over the sky,  
Then your carols that are unsung  
Till the future are put by;  
Bird of Autumn, swiftly flying  
O'er the moor and leafless wood,  
Sadder sounds the fitful sighing  
Of the windy solitude.

You are gone, and with your song  
Ends the season of hope and cheer;  
Come tempestuous nights, and long  
Is the death-fight of the year.  
Bird of Autumn, disappearing  
In the distance and the haze,  
Still your notes dwell in our hearing,  
Harbingers of brighter days.

G. E. Wright.

## A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

SHORTLY before the outbreak of the war, the writer, then engaged in teaching in Louisiana, accepted an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays at the plantation home of one of his pupils. The opportunity to obtain an insight into the domestic life of the Southern planter, as well as to see the "peculiar institution" in its home, and especially in this its stronghold, had long been sought; and the gratification of this desire was now enhanced by the anticipated pleasure of joining in the traditional Christmas festivities of plantation life, and partaking of that Southern hospitality whose fame had long before penetrated into the remotest corners of frigid New England.

It was on the day before Christmas that, well protected against any possible inclemency of the weather, which during this season at the South is exceedingly treacherous, we mounted the easy-pacing horse which had been sent for our accommodation, and set out for a ride of twenty miles through the "piney woods."

The scene through which we rode was beautiful beyond description. Above our heads the giant pines swayed and sighed in the morning breeze, giving forth from their tops that softest and sweetest of all Nature's music, the wind-song, that only the pine tree can sing. Here and there beside the path rose a gigantic trunk, buried to its very top in a mass of luxuriant wild vines, whose closely-clinging tendrils had smothered the life out of the once lordly pine which it had slowly but surely wrapped in its embrace, and whose waxen leaves now reflected the sunlight in a myriad of tiny flashes—a tall, round column of sparkling, living green, emblem of luxuriant life, concealing in its embrace the image of death and decay. Around us on every side flitted birds of every conceivable hue—the scarlet cardinal

bird, the golden yellow-hammer, the brilliant green and yellow paroquet, the blue-jay, the mocking-bird of sober brown, the soft-tinted ortolan, and a thousand others, making the air vocal with their songs, and weaving against the deep green foliage a kaleidoscope of shifting, brilliant hues. Occasionally, as the road diverged from among the pines to the banks of some winding bayou, the bright and cheerful scene shifted to one of sad and funereal aspect; for here grew the mourning-cypress, with its long pendants of gray moss swaying in the wind—type of old age in tattered garments, and with long and hoary beard, beaten, torn and blanched with the storms of life—and anon suggestive of tattered banners swinging in the wind from the ruined walls of some ancient castles of the woods.

Through ever-shifting and varied scenes like these we rode merrily on till half our journey was accomplished, when suddenly and with almost inconceivable rapidity black clouds overspread the heavens, the large rain drops began to fall faster and faster, and the remainder of our ride was through a blinding shower.

Weary and drenched we arrived at last at our journey's end, just as the evening shades began to close upon us, not a little rejoiced at sight of the characteristic plantation-house, with its outside chimneys and long vine-covered porch or "gallery," and its clustering hamlet of whitewashed negro cabins.

Our host was one of the olden type of Southern gentlemen, who greeted us with a cordial warmth of hospitality which made some amends for our weary ride, ushering us at once into the family sitting-room—a long, low apartment, guiltless of carpet or wall-paper, whose sides and roof were ceiled with some native wood, unpaint-

ed, and grown a rich brown with age. Here, before a glowing fire of pine logs, whose dancing flames threw flickering shadows along the unstained walls, we warmed and dried the outer man while cheering the inner with the inevitable apple-toddy, the Christmas drink of the South; and the evening passed quickly away in social converse with the planter's interesting family.

The next morning we were awakened by loud sounds of merriment from without. Hastily dressing ourselves we stepped out upon the piazza, where a curious sight met our view. On the lawn in front of the house were assembled the whole negro force of the plantation, clad in their holiday garb, a motley group of both sexes and all ages, from the toddling pickaninny of three years to the patriarchs of a hundred winters — dancing, capering, shouting, singing, laughing — giving full vent, in every conceivable ludicrous manner, to the excess of animal spirits that was boiling up from the heart of each, and bubbling over at the mouth and eyes. Each seemed to vie with his neighbor in his ebullitions of merriment, and the air fairly rang with the chorus of fun and frolic. Yet through all this seeming abandonment of gaiety a common aim and intent seemed to animate the whole throng. The spot where they were gathered was immediately in front of our host's bedroom door, which opened upon the piazza and had no other communication with the remainder of the house. This door they were evidently besieging, and at no time, even in the midst of their most uproarious frolics, was it left unwatched by more than one pair of careful eyes.

The cause of the siege soon became evident in the frantic though laughing attempt of our host to rush from the door of his apartment to the main entrance of the house. Each effort was frustrated by his besiegers, and he was obliged to retreat with all available speed to his stronghold, to avoid capture, amid the ringing laughter of the

dusky throng which greeted each of his awkward efforts. At last, venturing too far in his impromptu game of "puss in the corner," his retreat was intercepted by a dozen of the nimblest of the negroes, who, springing upon the piazza, quickly surrounded and seized him, bearing him a close prisoner in triumph to the lawn. A large arm-chair was now brought from the house, in which having seated their captive, a dozen brawny and muscular arms hoisted the improvised throne with its laughing occupant to their shoulders, and bore him in a stately march around the house, followed by the whole crowd, each shouting at the top of his or her lungs — "Christmas gift, Massa! Christmas gift!"

Several times the leaping, tumbling, uproarious procession made the circuit of the house before the prisoner yielded and announced his willingness to comply with their demand. At the announcement of the capitulation a hearty ringing cheer rent the air, followed by a respectful silence as the chair, with its occupant, was carefully lowered to the ground, and the crowd gathered around it in expectant attitudes. The whiskey-decanter was now brought from the house, and the planter proceeded to deal out to each of the adults his dram of the coveted liquor, addressing to each, as they clustered around him, some kindly remark or impromptu jest, none of which failed to elicit a dazzling display of ivory and many a hearty chuckle. When all had been served, with another hearty cheer for "ole massa and missis, and all de young folks" — not forgetting the guest — the laughing crowd dispersed to the cabins to continue their Christmas festivities, thus begun with what we learned to be an invariable yearly custom on many of the plantations.

After breakfast the horses, of which the planter's stable furnished a goodly number, were brought to the door, and the male members of the household, each provided with a fowling-piece,

mounted, and the merry cavalcade dashed away over the fields for a morning's shooting. The uncertainty of the skies at this season forbade our seeking true game in their coverts in the distant swamps, except at the risk of a wetting. Therefore the game we sought was not much to boast of, and the sport became rather a contest of skill at shooting on the wing, than a hunt in the true sense of the word. Meadow-larks, reed and rice-birds, black-birds, and others of the smaller fry of the feathered tribe, were the prey which fell before our murderous tubes, to be eagerly gathered by the negro children who constituted our retinue, and to whom our shooting party was a very godsend in the way of prospective black-bird pies and rice-bird stews. The rain of the preceding day had soaked the ground and changed the fields to swamps; but this did not in the least interfere with our enjoyment, for we had no occasion to dismount, loading and firing in the saddle; while the bare legs of our dusky retainers splashed briskly through the puddles, as, with many a shout and chuckling laugh, they pounced upon the prizes which fell on all sides.

To us, so long immured in the tedious schoolroom, the sport was exhilarating in the extreme. The cool, bracing morning air, the swift but easy motions of our well-trained steeds, the novelty of our surroundings, and, above all, the utter abandonment of jollity and freedom from all restraint, produced a keen enjoyment long unknown before; and the time flew merrily away till the approach of the dinner-hour and the threatening gathering of the clouds warned us to desist, and sent us in a flying race homewards.

Scarcely had we reached the welcome shelter when the rain began to fall, and continued during the remainder of the day. The afternoon passed pleasantly around the capacious fire-place with its heaps of glowing logs, with music, cards, and social chat, enlivened with many a tale of the days of Lafitte and

other desperadoes, whose wild exploits still lived in tradition throughout these scenes of their early adventures.

During the afternoon an incident occurred illustrating as well the negro's love of fun, his native wit and peculiar force of expression, as the kindness of heart which is found even in the rudest nature, prompting them to rebuke any attempt at imposition upon the helpless and aged.

A sudden uproar of merriment among the negro cabins drew us to the window which commanded a view of the scene of disturbance. In the centre of a group of boisterous urchins stood an old negro, bent nearly double with age, leaning heavily upon his staff. This, we learned, was a slave of a neighboring planter, long past usefulness, yet clinging with wonderful tenacity to a life which had advanced far into second childhood. This relic of a bygone age was possessed of a curious mania for begging. Although well supplied with food and clothing by his master, he would strip himself nearly naked, and hiding his clothes and provisions in the woods, wander in this condition from plantation to plantation, begging food and cast-off clothing from the negroes, which, when obtained, he would invariably hide as before, and in a few hours reappear in some other quarter, as naked and destitute as ever, to ply again his mendicant occupation.

■ On this occasion the negroes had supplied Old Ned with a complete suit, by contribution—one furnishing an old hat, which some mischievous urchin had adorned with a long white streamer; another a coat, which his young tormentors, before assisting him to place it upon his trembling shoulders, had kindly turned inside out—and so on throughout the whole of his grotesque attire, each piece being the subject of some prank on the part of the youngsters. And now, in his ludicrous garb, he stood in the centre of the circle, like a bear at bay among a throng of curs, the subject of all kinds of practical jokes, occasionally pushed

and hustled about by his laughing, screaming tormentors, who, however, took good care to avoid the feeble blows of his staff, with which he ever and anon laid about him.

The uproar grew constantly louder, and the merriment was at its height, when suddenly a bouncing wench, rushing out of one of the cabins, appeared upon the scene, armed with a stout broomstick, with which she straightway essayed to scatter the crowd.

"Go 'way dar!"—she shouted at the top of her voice, as blow after blow descended upon their luckless shoulders—"go 'way dar, you lazy, no 'count niggers! What for you go to bother dat poor ole man 'dat-a-way! How you know dat your own double great gran'fathers ain't wanderin' 'bout dis yere world somewheres 'dout noffin to eat!"

Her bitter words, not less than her stinging blows, achieved a prompt victory, and she was soon left in triumphant possession of the field, while 'Old Ned tottered away in peace.

In the evening there was to be a grand jollification in the negro quarters, to which all the white people at the "Great House" were specially invited. The occasion was to be the great one of the season, as, aside from the regular Christmas festivities, this was to be the "Wedding Night" of the plantation. On many of the plantations it was the custom to defer the marriages among the slaves to the Christmas season, when the occasion was made one of great hilarity, and the ceremony performed in the presence of the master and his family by some local minister or by some of the negro preachers, according to the strictness of the master's religious views.

On this occasion there were to be two weddings, to be followed by a ball and a supper, which latter was provided at the master's expense. The night was one of Egyptian darkness, as we started out, preceded by a negro bearing a huge torch, by whose flaring

light we picked our way carefully through the mud and over the single plank which formed the only bridge across the sluggish bayou; with no end of merriment at the hair-breadth escapes from a plunge into the miry pool, and the awkward movements with which the ladies strove to walk each in the track of her predecessor, to avoid soiling their dainty boots with the black mud.

The cabin, which was reached at last after much tribulation, was one of the better class, capacious and well furnished with chairs of the old-fashioned splint-bottomed kitchen pattern. A bed, loaded with mattresses, stood in one corner, and the walls glittered with the well-polished cooking utensils, hung upon nails high out of harm's way. The floor was of earth, beaten hard and smooth, and one end of the single room was almost entirely occupied by the huge fireplace, in which was an immense fire of logs, whose cheerful glow rendered other light superfluous.

The company had assembled when we arrived. Some were smoking their pipes in groups around the fire, others coquetting in pairs in the corners, and others still—evidently the wags of the plantation—lounging from group to group, cracking a joke at each, and leaving behind them the invariable chuckle which marks the negro's intense enjoyment of fun, especially at another's expense.

Immediately upon our arrival we were ushered into the seats of honor, and the ceremony began, the aged negro preacher taking his position, with an air of deep solemnity, before the fireplace, with his back to the comfortable blaze, and the happy couple placing themselves demurely before him. The bride and groom, answering to the names of Andrew and Susy, were field-hands of unmistakably pure Guinea blood, and both of them had passed the first half century of life. Their dress, however, showed that they had not yet entirely eschewed the fol-



lies of their youth, for though rude and cheap, as became their condition, it was nevertheless not unembellished with those bits of gewgaw and glaring finery of bright-colored ribbon and tie in which the negro delights.

With the most decorous gravity the preacher began:

"Andrew! duz you lub dis yere woman?"

"I duz so!" was the emphatic reply.

"Will you promise to stick close to her froo time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all odders an' cleabin' on'y to her fur eber an' eber an' amen?"

"I will dat!"

"Will you lub, honor an' 'bey" —

"Hold on dar, Ole Jack!" — here interrupted the groom, with no little show of indignation — "'taint no use talkin' to dis nigger 'bout 'beyin' de wimmin! Can't promise to 'bey no wimmin folks on'y 'cept ole Missis!"

"Silence dar! you owdumptious nigger!" roared the wrathful preacher; "what fur you go fur spile de cemony! You done spilt all de grabbity ob de 'casion! Dis yere 's o'ny matter ob form an' in'spensable to de 'casion. Now don't you go fur to open you black mouf till de time for you to speak!"

"Will you promise to lub, honor an' 'bey" — (Andrew still shaking his head ominously at the obnoxious word) — "dis yere nigger 'Susy, furnishin' her wid all things needful fur her comfort an' happiness; cherishin' an' purtectin' her from all sufferin' an' sorrier, an' makin' smooove de path ob all her precedin' days to come?"

"I spose I must say yes to dat," said Andrew, meekly.

"Den I pronounce dese yere two couples to be man an' wife! an' whom de Lord hab joined togedder let no man go fur to put dem asunder!"

Here an uproar arose among the blacks, betokening a dilemma entirely unforeseen by Old Jack. For inasmuch as he had forgotten to require the usual vows of Susy, they insisted that however firmly Andrew might be bound

by the bonds of matrimony, Susy was still single, and the pair were but half married. The matter was at last adjusted by the preacher commencing the ceremony *de novo*, by which means the couple were finally united to the satisfaction of all.

The next ceremony was to be one of unusual pomp and style, the parties being house-servants, who, by virtue of their positions, were looked upon as "quality niggers," and entitled, by common custom and consent, to something more of consideration and display at their nuptials. As a mark of distinction, they were to be married by one of their fellow house-servants, who, on account of his position about the person of his young master, had been allowed to learn to read, and gloried in the possession of an old copy of the Book of Common Prayer.

But now an unlooked-for delay arose. It appeared that the father of the bride was bitterly opposed to the match, and for a singular reason, declaring in his wrath that "dat gal Puss is de laziest no 'count nigger on dis yere plantation! an' dat feller Sam ain't no better! Putty work dem two 'll make, housekeepin' togedder! An' ef dey is bof so lazy, what 'll dere chillen be? Do n't want no more sich lazy trash as dem will be raised up on dis plantation — got enuf on em a'reddy. Dey ain't fit to git married no how!"

He had therefore exerted his parental authority by taking away her wedding-clothes and locking them up in his own cabin.

The good offices of the "young missis," however, were now brought into requisition; and taking the irascible father aside, she labored earnestly with him, and at last succeeded in removing, or rather silencing his objections, and he yielded, though with an ill-grace, at the last. Then seeking out the bride, she withdrew with her to the father's cabin, where with her own fair hands she attired her for the ceremony, and soon returned with her arrayed in all the glories of pink tarlatan, with

hoops, resplendent head-dress and kid gloves, all of which her own wardrobe had supplied as a wedding-gift. Indeed, but for her features and skin, the bride, as she stood in her nuptial robe, might have passed for a fashionable lady of the first circles.

The groom, from the savings of his perquisites during the year, and from a sale of a large share of his stock of poultry, had managed to clothe himself in a suit of broadcloth, with kid gloves and French calf boots.

All things being finally arranged, the improvised parson opened his book, and after some searching for the place, began reading slowly and occasionally pausing to spell a hard word to himself, prelude the prayers of the service with the interpolated remark—"Here it says dat dar is some prayers to be made by de minister; I s'pose dat ain't necessary on dis 'casion"—evidently distrustful of his own ability to produce the extemporaneous prayers which he seemed to think the rubric required.

The marriage rites concluded, all proceeded in a long procession, headed by the "white-folks," who were closely followed by the newly-married couples, to the neighboring cabins, where the wedding supper was prepared. And a supper it was, by no means contemptible in respect to either quantity or quality. The tables literally groaned with a profusion of baked meats from the planter's larder, fowls from their own coops and fish from the bayous, with steaming urns of coffee and no end of pies, cakes, tarts, sweetmeats and the thousand delicacies which the negroes knew so well how to prepare from the materials contributed with no niggard hand at this season from the master's pantry.

Now arose the din of knives and forks and plates, commingled with the sounds of mirth and boisterous revelry, during which we, sipping our coffee in our especial corner, were regaled by the antics and sly "asides" perpetrated for our especial benefit, by the body ser-

vant of young Master Harry, above mentioned, who officiated as parson in the last ceremony, and who kept up a running comment upon the prominent features of the assemblage before us, somewhat as follows:—

"I say, Mass' Harry! did you see dat gal from ole Jones' plantation? Whew! Golly! ain't she black though! Why, she so black de chickens goes to roost when dey sees her comin', cause dey t'inks night's comin' shuah! When she sot down to de table she frowned a big shadder all ober dat end ob de table—she so black! When I fust seen her come in I says to myself—'my Heabens! what a black folk!' An' den dem feet o' hern! why dey's so big dey's like dem sliders what de Chinaman wears in de picture book, a gwine ober de snow wid!" and more to a like effect, to our infinite diversion.

Supper over, we returned to the first cabin to witness the dancing, which was about to commence, when the door swung wide again to admit a party of invited guests from the adjoining plantation, the "loudness" of whose attire fully explained the lateness of their arrival. Faded ribbons and laces, plated jewelry and every available ornament of tinsel had been brought into requisition to enable them as well to "astonish the natives" in general, as to sustain the credit of their own plantation, by a display as nearly as possible commensurate with the style and standing of their master's family. Some of these attempts at personal adornment were so incongruous as to border closely on the grotesque; while others were not without a certain degree of taste in the arrangement of the glaring colors which are everywhere indispensable to the full dress of the African race.

The leading spirit of the new-comers—she whose appearance and movements excited at once the loudest demonstrations of admiration and envy—was a tall mulatto girl, of a plump and graceful figure and an easy self-possessed manner, who was evidently con-

sidered a leader of the negro *ton*. She was attired in a neatly fitting gingham dress, well expanded with hoops—an article which, though rarely attainable, was none the less greatly in demand. The peculiar feature of her toilet, however, and that which excited most admiration among her darky compeers, was an enormous bow of white satin ribbon attached to her “back hair,” the long ends falling nearly to her waist. So novel an addition to the head gear could not long fail of imitation, and those of the female portion of the assembly who were the fortunate possessors of bits of ribbon among their hidden treasures, slipped quietly away, one by one, to their cabins, whence they soon returned, each adorned with a similar appendage. Similar they were in design, but vastly dissimilar in point of color and arrangement. The streamers were of all widths and lengths, and representing all the colors of the rainbow; some hastily pinned into a bow, others simply fastened in the middle by a large hair pin, and others again attached at one end and floating loosely down the back. And each and all seemed as proud of the new adornment as the peacock of his gaudy plumage.

The climax of imitation, however, was capped by a young Topsy of some thirteen years, who, in addition to a streamer of faded yellow ribbon, soon appeared among the dancers sustaining beneath her scanty skirt, by dint of grasping it, skirt and all, on each side, a huge barrel hoop—a comment upon a fashionable text too ludicrous for even negro decorum, as was evinced by the shouts of laughter which greeted her appearance. Wholly unmoved, however, by this demonstration, Topsy dashed into the circle and executed a reel in the most approved style and with the utmost gravity of features.

And now the dance went on; reel and jig and hornpipe, “Jim Crow” and “Juba,” “French four” and “double

shuffle” followed each other without intermission, to the sound of the violin played by a big fellow of great self-consequence, and who seemed to have as high an opinion of his own performance as the youngster who, standing at his elbow and watching the play of his fingers for a long time in silent admiration, at length, at a pause in the music, burst out with:—

“I say, you Pomp! how de debbil you eber learn to play dat-a-way?”

“Well!” replied Pomp, slowly turning his violin with a self-satisfied and critical air, “you see you jest hab to put it into you’ whole mind.”

As the dance proceeded, we amused ourselves with observing the many original characters in the group. There was “Matt,” a colored Beau Brummel of exceedingly sentimental expression of countenance, every article of whose dress betokened the utmost care and precision, whose attitudes were inimitable, and who evidently considered himself another Count D’Orsay, and looked down with sublime commiseration and patronage upon his less stylish comrades.

And “Josh,” the very opposite of Matt,—a good looking, muscular, manly fellow, whose laugh was the loudest and his song the cheeriest of all; a very prince of good nature and fun. Josh was a freeman, who for some misdemeanor in one of the border slave States, had been sold into slavery for five years, under a black law then in force. His time of service had long since expired, but, fully content with his lot, and happy in the love of the slave woman he had married on the plantation, he chose still to remain and work on a salary of a hundred dollars a year, with his free papers safely locked in his trunk as a safeguard against any future hard task-master.

Another was a monstrous half-witted negro, with a head of enormous size, who seemed endowed with ubiquity, so quick were his movements, seemingly appearing in all places at once. This “nigger Bob” was full of

fun and coarse witticism, and seemed to be acting out his idiotic nature with peculiar zest on this particular occasion; now shouting and singing, now cracking his rude jokes upon his immediate neighbors, now slapping his hands in perfect time with the thump and rattle of the dancers' feet, anon beating the tamborine, and again dancing like a madman without regard to space, bringing down his enormous feet at random, to the sore detriment of all the bare toes in the assembly; and all the time without the slightest change of expression in his features of almost brutal stolidity.

Suddenly, darting at the tamborine player he snatched the instrument from his hands, and without a shadow of a smile upon his features, commenced beating it violently, at the same time chanting in a low monotone scraps of negro songs jumbled together, as follows:—

"Ole Massa gib a ball one night,  
Ole Missis went to bed,  
An' Sally she sot on de garden gate  
Wid de debbil in her head—  
I los' my wife las' Saturday night  
An' whar you 'ink I found her?  
Way down dar in de ole cow pen  
Wid de white folks all around her."—&c.

Another original was "old Harry," the champion of "Jim Crow" and sole proprietor and performer of a certain very popular song entitled "De noble Skew Ball." During a pause in the dance old Harry's musical powers were brought into requisition and he was called upon for the favorite song. This, it seemed, could only be properly rendered with a glass in his hand, and an empty tumbler was handed him.

"Go 'way dar!" he shouted indignantly, "what for you do n't put someth'ing in de glass?"

"Put sonic water in it," suggested the planter, with a sly twinkle of his eye.

"No, no! Mars' Robert," said Harry—"mus' hab some whiskey in de glass; one spur in de head worf two on de heel!"

This *bon mot* secured the dram—a

moderate supply of which was at hand, and in a voice cracked with age, Harry sang his song, concluding by draining the glass with infinite zest.

"Now Harry," said the planter, "can't you 'jump Jim Crow' for us?"

"Lord! Mass' Robert! hain't jump Jim Crow sence I was a child! hows-  
ever, I'll try."

The fiddler struck up the tune, and Harry, despite his years, fully sustained his reputation by his nimble movements, and proved himself the champion of the assembly in the saltatory line, accompanying himself with a recitative whereof the refrain was:

"Long tailed buzzard an' short tailed crow,  
You'll nebber go to Heaben till you jump Jim Crow."

This was followed by the "Juba," danced by one of Harry's grandsons, without other music or accompaniment than old Harry's "beatin' de Juba" with both hands upon his knees and thighs, with a sound like the clicking of a railroad car in motion, chanting meanwhile, in the inevitable recitative:

"You de little dirty dog come out to dance de Juba!  
Whar you eat an' whar you drink, 'tis dar you  
ought to labor,  
Go 'way dar! you little dog, you can't dance de  
Juba!"

and more to the same effect and with but little variation.

But the hour had waxed late, and we were taking our leave, when the clicking of glasses recalled us to hear the so-called toasts which invariably accompany the circling of the bottle at these negro festivities.

These toasts are little more than recitations of impromptu rhyme, without any reference to the time or occasion. But three of those given remain in my memory. "Nigger Bob" gave:

"Here's ribers ob wine but none ob mine."  
"De ole hee do de work, de young bee eat de  
honey—  
De nigger make de cotton an' ole Massa make de  
money."

Another ran as follows:

"Ise travelled east, Ise travelled west,  
Ise travelled free degrees beyond de sun—  
But de best friend dat eber I met  
Was ole Andrew wid a jug ob rum."

This was supplemented by Josh, who, swinging his glass above his head, with a broad grin upon his features, shouted:

"Here's to de red bird—  
Chick! chick! to de wren!  
God bless all de wimmin  
An' dog all de men."

This toast carried away the palm among the negroes, probably on the score of its being the most destitute of sense of any that had been given.

As we approached the dwelling house, the great hall clock struck the hour of midnight, and we all paused, listened and counted the strokes. And, as the last stroke sounded on the clear night air, the round full moon burst forth from among the clouds, as if to hail the dawn of another year, and flooded the scene around us with beauty. With the last stroke of the clock another "Merry Christmas" sank into the stream of years—another season of mirth glided into the irrevocable past. We seemed to feel upon our brow the rush of passing time, and for a moment we stood in silence, and our thoughts went wandering far, to recall other Christmas seasons passed long ago in a far-off clime; and the forms of cherished friends who with us had sang the Christmas carol of long ago, but who now slept beneath the daisies and the purple violets, floated before memory's vision.

It was but a moment: for the flood of silvery light was indeed the herald of another year, as full of hopes and bright anticipations as those that had passed away; and with a merry "good night" we separated to our respective couches. And as consciousness gradually faded away and our senses bade the world "good night," still we could hear the monotonous thump! thump!

thump! of the negroes' feet on the floors of the distant cabins, till the sound mingled with our dreams.

Since that Christmas the war has come and gone—fire and sword have passed over that sunny land and left it desolate. The planter's great house and the humble cabins of the negroes have been given to the flames together, and the jolly, rollicking crowd of negroes who on that Christmas night danced and shouted and sang together in happy and thoughtless merriment, have been scattered. And with the outburst of that terrible volcano of war the fell curse of slavery sank within its fiery waves and disappeared from off the continent forever; and all the civilized world clapped its hands and shouted a God speed! and an "Io triumphe!" with never a voice to wail over its departure. And with the institution have disappeared many of its pleasanter and time hallowed customs, and more of them will doubtless disappear from year to year as time rolls on, and perhaps, among them, these same Christmas rejoicings and festivities. To the black a new era has dawned, crowded with new possibilities. To him is opened a higher state of intellectual, moral and physical existence, and with it new duties and responsibilities whose weight will curb, in a great measure, the exuberance of his character and make the liting gambol of the old-time Christmas nights in the lowly slave cabin a thing of tradition only. Yet, while the new life will to him be productive of a higher and nobler enjoyment, I doubt if the freeman will ever again know the hearty, jovial abandonment of merriment and pleasure which characterized the Christmas holidays of the slave in the "days before the war."

*Egbert Phelps.*

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

UNDER the midnight moon the winds  
 Roaring their Christmas carols swept;  
 And from the depths of a fire-lit room  
 Came a song in a voice which wept.

I started up with my heart athrob,  
 Dreaming the dreams which never come true;  
 'T was Liliās crooning a wild old song,  
 As none but Liliās herself can do.

Only her song,— so I quickly fled  
 Into my realm of Thought again;  
 Yet through some rift in my fairy world  
 Trembled the jar of the wild refrain:

“The sea is deep, and the winds are light;  
 Yet light winds trouble the deep sea’s flow.”  
 Ah, why does Liliās sing that song?  
 Gone are my dreams with their peaceful glow.

The deep sea moves to the light wind’s breath,  
 And wrecks lie strewn over ocean’s bed;  
 Yet it basks in morning’s peaceful smile—  
 The sun shines down when the wind is sped.

Flotsam and jetsam of raging waves  
 Tell a tale when the storm is done;  
 Well, it is something gained to look  
 E’en at the wrecks when the land is won.

Women and winds do their cruel worst,  
 Fleeting anguish when all is said;  
 Yet to - night throbs a long laid pain,  
 As memory’s wave casts up the dead.

Aye, dead, cold hopes strew the peaceful strand;  
 Is it not sad that the fathomless sea  
 Keeps not those secrets of wind and storm  
 Which an idle song gives back to me?



## BACHELOR'S HALL.

"ONE, two, three—yellow; one, two, three, four—blue;" said Miss Penniman, counting the stitches on her embroidery pattern.

"Oh, Miss Penniman, guess what's happened!" cried Suky Ann, the kitchen-maid, putting her head in at the parlor door.

"What is it?" asked Miss Penniman, dropping her work; "has the pig broken through that floor again? Well, I knew how 't would be; I told Mr. What's-his-name that he did n't half do the job, but he was so bent on having his own way that he gave no more heed to what I said than to the wind that blows. Now, put on your hat, and go right down, and tell him it's all got to be done over again. Next time, may be he'll heed my advice."

"But the pig *has n't* broke through the floor, mum," said Suky Ann.

"For goodness sake, what *has* happened, then? Has the cow got into the corn? It's that stupid Malone; I never yet saw an Irishman that knew which end his head was on. I asked Malone, not three days ago, about that place, and he said: 'It's all right, mum;' he always does say 'it's all right.' I suppose he'd say 'it's all right,' if the house were afire."

"But it ain't the cow, mum."

"Not the cow? Why didn't you tell me so before, then? It's the chickens, I suppose; have they got salt, or—"

"'Tain't the chickens—'tain't anything that's happened to us."

"What should I care, if it does n't concern us? Let other persons take care of their own affairs."

"But it does kind o' concern us; there's folks movin' into the next house!"

"My stars! That *is* news! A family with a dozen children, I'll warrant. I'll have the garden gate nailed up, to begin with, or they'll be tramping over my flower beds."

"I guess there ain't no children, Miss Penniman."

"What makes you think so?"

"'Cause I heard um say he was an old bachelor."

"Mercy on us! Worse and worse. Of course he keeps a dog—they always do. I'd rather have a dozen children round than a dog."

"Yes 'm, there *is* a dog; I see him myself—a nasty, snappin', yelpin', little critter; I heard um say it was a skerrier."

"A what?"

"A skerrier, mum."

"Oh, a Skye terrier, I suppose, you mean. Well, it's what I've long expected; an old bachelor, you say? Of course, he brings a housekeeper with him—a great, brazen-faced widow, I'll be bound."

"His housekeeper's a man, mum."

"A man? of all things!"

"I heard um say his name was Popgun, or somethin'."

"A very singular name, truly. I knew a family once, named Gunn, and one named Shute, but Popgun, never; I should think his master'd be afraid he'd *go off*. By the way, what's *his* name—the old bachelor's? It ought to be *Cannon*, to match that of the servant."

"Oh, mistress, you're so funny," said Suky Ann, tittering. "I heard um say the old un's name was Merridew."

"Um? Who's *Um*? Whoever he is, he's told you a good deal of news."

"'T was Tom told me, mum," said Suky Ann, the rose on her cheek deepening to peony.

"Oh, the butcher's moon-faced boy; I surmised as much—but, Suky Ann, do n't you know it's very improper to gossip with young men in this way? I never did, when I was a girl."

"I won't, again," said Suky.

"That's right—always take my advice, and you'll never regret it. You may go, now—and Suky Ann, if you hear any more about our new neighbors, let me know it."

"Yes 'm."

Miss Penniman was an independent spinster; she not only owned the house she lived in, with several acres of land attached, but she had money in the bank.

Her age might have been thirty-five, and I will not undertake to say that it was not forty-five; there was nothing in her appearance to afford any certain indication on this point. Her complexion had neither the bloom of youth, nor the faded hue to which that bloom too often gives place; her strong white teeth bade defiance to the dentist, and her black hair, somewhat coarse of fibre, showed not a silver thread. She wore it coiled at the back of her head—a style which is never in fashion, and never out of fashion—and her dress, though destitute of flowers, ruffles, and pannier, was always of fine material, and fitted well her not ungraceful figure.

For the rest, she lived alone with her serving-maid, Suky Ann, content to fill up her time in looking after her house and farm, weeding her flower-garden, and plying her needle.

The work now in hand was one of a set of chair coverings, intended, she said, as "an heir-loom for future generations," which, under the circumstances, was certainly very disinterested on her part.

"I might have known how it would be," said she to herself, when Suky Ann had left the room—"t'was n't reasonable to expect that house would remain vacant forever; the more fool I was for buying this one; nothing but a fence between me and that old bachelor! I've the greatest mind to sell out and move away; but 't would be a pity, too, when I've just got everything to my mind; besides, I guess I can make it as uncomfortable for him

as he can for me," and she thrust her needle through and through the canvas, as if the parrot she was embroidering had been Mr. Merriew himself.

The next morning, as Miss Penniman, with a handkerchief over her head, and a feather duster in her hand, was putting the parlor to rights, she thought she perceived a strange and indefinable odor stealing in through the open window.

"Suky Ann," called she!

"Here, mum!"

"Do n't you perceive a queer smell? There is n't anything burning, is there?"

"Nothing but old Merriew's pipe," said Suky, laughing.

"A pipe? Phew!" cried Miss Penniman, shutting the window with an energy which made the glass rattle in the frame. "Well, I give it up now; if there's anything I hate, it's tobacco."

"He must be a lazy loon," said Suky, "there he's got a great kind of a net, with tassels to it, hitched up in the piazza. I've heard um say it was a hummock—"

"A hammock," corrected her mistress.

"A hammock—there ain't much odds, though; and there he's sprawled out in it full length, swingin' himself to and fro and readin' the newspaper—or pretendin' to—I do n't believe anybody can read much, with their head bobbin' about from one side to t' other."

There was a trellis at the end of the piazza, which had prevented Miss Penniman from seeing all this.

"Did you notice what kind of furniture they brought?" asked she.

"No 'm; 't was all done up in tow-cloth when they carried it in, 'cept a black box, that looked like a baby's coffin."

"But it could n't be," said Miss Penniman; "what should he want with a baby's coffin?"

"I heard um say they guessed 't was a fiddle in it," said Suky.

"A fiddle! My stars! So our noses

are to be filled with tobacco smoke, and our ears with the screeching of a fiddle! Heaven knows what will turn up next!"

"How do you s'pose they gets their victuals?" asked Suky, pleased to be the bearer of so much interesting intelligence.

"That servant man, Popgun, cooks them, does n't he?"

"They has 'em all brought from the tavern — every identical thing," said Suky.

"Suky Ann, you may go!" said Miss Penniman, in a deep sepulchral voice, as if endurance had been tried to its utmost limit.

"A pipe — it's a nuisance," mused she; "but I do n't suppose I could have it abated by law: *men* make the laws!"

After some moments of profound reflection, she summoned Suky again.

"We're to have corned beef for dinner to-day, are n't we?"

"So you said, mum."

"And cabbage, of course; we always have boiled cabbage with corned beef. Well, mind you leave open the kitchen window, towards Mr. Merridew's; the wind 's that way, I believe."

"I'll be sure to give the kitchen a good airin'," said Suky, demurely, and with only a sly twinkle in her eye; but when she reached her own dominions, she broke into a series of giggles, and gave utterance to the remarkable exclamation —

"Cabbage is trumps!"

If Miss Penniman expected to drive her neighbor from his stronghold by a weapon so intangible, she was disappointed; for he not only continued to swing in his hammock and smoke his pipe every pleasant day, after dinner, but on moonlight nights he brought thither his violin, and played till the very cats on the surrounding fences joined in from sympathy. Indeed, Miss Penniman declared that she could not tell which was which; and that, more than once, when she had risen from her bed to drive away the

feline intruders, she found, too late, that she had been flinging her brush and slippers at Mr. Merridew.

For several weeks, the only intercourse between the two households was of this distant kind; but at last, one bright morning, the serving-man was seen coming through the garden, to Miss Penniman's back door.

"What can he want!" said Suky Ann.

"To borrow something, you may be sure," answered her mistress; "but I'll soon put a stop to all that!"

A tall and not ill-looking youth was the man-servant, whose most prominent points, as he now presented himself, were: a pair of plaid pantaloons, a short sacque (which, like the tadpole, seemed yet undecided whether or not to develop a tail), a red necktie, and a cap set jauntily on one side. Beneath the cap was a growth of short, dark curls, and a pair of shrewd brown eyes.

As the kitchen door stood open, he crossed the threshold without the ceremony of knocking; and, glancing from Suky Ann to her mistress, said:

"Miss Penniman, I presume?"

"That is my name; and you, I suppose, are Popgun?"

"Popkins," said he, smiling. "My master, Mr. Merridew, sends his compliments, and requests you'll be kind enough to shut up your fowls for a few weeks."

"Shut up my fowls!" gasped Miss Penniman.

"Only till planting is past, madam; they're so exceeding troublesome about scratching up the seeds."

"Tell your master I'll accommodate him with pleasure, if he'll have the goodness to shut up that dog of his."

"What, Waggle, ma'am?"

"He may be Waggle, for anything I know. I mean an ill-favored little cur, that comes nosing about my back door, frightening the cat out of her seven senses!"

"I'll deliver your message, ma'am," said Popkins, bowing a good morning.

"Shut up my fowls!" cried Miss Penniman, watching his retreating figure. "Was there ever such impudence! However, I guess I've given the old gentleman his quietus. Look there, Suky Ann! That Popkins has left a track on the floor; get the mop and wipe it up. I wonder what men were made for, anyhow, unless it was to track round and make work for women! I'm sure they never did *me* any good!"

"That long lout 's at the door again, askin' for you," announced Suky, a few days afterwards.

"What long lout?"

"Popkins, mum."

"Show him in," said Miss Penniman, grimly.

"Well, sir?" as he appeared at the parlor door.

"Mr. Merridew is sorry to trouble you again, madam; but he says if you do n't shut up those fowls, he really shall be obliged to take measures—"

"Ask your master if it's any worse for my hens to scratch up a few seeds, than for that dog to steal the meat from my pantry, and the griddle-cakes from my table? However, he's welcome to take measures, if he wants to. I've no sort of objection. *I* can take measures, too!"

"Yes, ma'am."

So the fowls were allowed to roam in freedom, as before; and several times each day they might have been seen skurrying over the fence from Mr. Merridew's garden, followed by a shower of stones and brickbats, while just as often a small dog might have been seen leaping the fence in an opposite direction, pursued by an incensed female with a broom or a pan of hot dishwater.

"Go tell that infernal woman," said Mr. Merridew, one day, when this had happened an unusual number of times, "go tell that infernal woman that if she does n't shut up those fowls, I'll wring their cursed necks! Heavens! if I'd known that house was occupied

by a cantankerous old maid, I never would have taken this one!"

It is not probable the polite Popkins would have delivered this message verbatim, or that his master intended he should; but he was saved the trouble of modifying it, for when he opened the gate, he was confronted by Miss Penniman herself, with a sun-bonnet on her head, and a trowel in her hand. She stood before him, an embodiment of indignant virtue; and before he could open his mouth, said, waving her trowel with a gesture of defiance:

"Tell your master I've lived on these premises ten years, and am satisfied to remain here. Those that do n't like, can leave! But no: wait a minute," said she, impelled by an after thought; "tell him that I *will* shut up my fowls; I'll have a carpenter tomorrow."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Popkins; and to himself—"I wonder what's in the wind now;" for, though the words were conciliatory, there was no relenting in the eye.

The next day, the mystery was made plain; the carpenter came, and put up a hen-house of rough pine boards, close by the fence which separated the two estates, almost directly beneath the window of Mr. Merridew's sleeping apartment.

"Now he'll know when it's time to get up in the morning," said Miss Penniman.

If the unsightliness of the structure, and the sounds of crowing and cackling which proceeded from it, sometimes proved annoying to her own eyes and ears, she rejoiced in the fact as an evidence of the still greater annoyance they were causing her neighbor.

There was an end to the interchange of messages, and ostensibly of all communication between the two households; for if Popkins occasionally helped Suky drive her cows from pasture, or flung his tender compliments over the garden gate, or escorted her

home from evening meeting, neither party felt called upon to report the same to their superiors.

As for Waggle, he so resented the treatment he had received, that he stayed at home of his own accord, as might have been expected of a dog of any spirit.

A November storm was raging; the fierce blast howled round the corners of the house, roared in the chimneys, and drove the sleet against the window-panes.

"It's an awful night," said Miss Penniman, shuddering, and drawing her worsted shawl more closely about her. "An awful night."

"That it is," said Suky Ann, who had come to the parlor for the sake of companionship, and was crouching on the rug before the fire. "My granny used to say there was witches abroad on such a night as this."

"Witches, child! I hope you're not so silly as to believe in witches? Good Lord! What was that?" And Miss Penniman started to her feet, for a heavy blow on the front door had sent it flying back on its hinges, while a blast swept through the hall and up the staircase with a sound as of a thousand wind-harps, bassoons, and drums, all mingled in one mighty chorus. It was a relief to distinguish, amid the din, the stamping of boots, suggestive as it was of human agency; then the parlor door was flung open, and a man stood before them.

"Popkins!" exclaimed both women in one breath, as he threw back the cloak in which he was enveloped.

"Excuse my unceremonious entrance," said he, addressing Miss Penniman; "the case is an urgent one. I've come to ask your help."

"In what way?"

"By going with me on an errand of mercy."

"To whom?"

"My master."

"And why should I leave my comfortable home on this stormy night to

oblige one who has never shown any kindness to me?"

"Because, madam, he's dying."

"Dying!"

There was something in the simplicity of the answer, as contrasted with Popkins's usual grandiloquence, that touched Miss Penniman in spite of herself.

"Suky Ann, bring my Polish boots and waterproof," said she.

Suky obeyed without a word, and having helped to put them on, threw a shawl over her own head.

"What! are you going too?"

"I can't be left here alone," said Suky.

"Silly girl! Well, come; we may need your help."

A few moments of buffeting the storm, and the trio gained the shelter of Mr. Merridew's roof. As they entered the parlor, Waggle, recognizing his former enemies, sprang toward them, gnashing his teeth with rage; but quickly discerning by some subtle instinct that they had come to help, not harm, he quietly retreated to his old position by the fireside.

It was a large and dimly lighted room in which Miss Penniman now found herself, chiefly redolent, as she did not even then fail to observe, of stale tobacco smoke. On a sofa, in a remote corner of the room, lay a middle-aged gentleman, wrapped in a crimson dressing-gown. His iron-gray hair fell loosely over the pillow, his face was ghastly pale, his eyes closed, and his hands folded on his breast. White, shapely hands they were, with a large seal ring on the little finger of one of them.

"Dead!" whispered Popkins, with a look of horror.

"Fainted," said Miss Penniman, her fingers on his wrist. "Brandy. A teaspoon. Camphor; bathe his forehead."

With a brevity and conciseness which would have delighted the heart of Dr. Abernethy, Miss Penniman issued these orders, and soon had the

satisfaction of seeing her patient restored to consciousness.

"How long has he been sick?" asked she.

"Well, he's been kind of ailing a number of weeks, ma'am—a low fever, like; he consulted the doctor once, and he told him he wanted nursing more than medicine; but master would n't hear to having a woman in the house."

"Had to come to it, though," observed Miss Penniman. "What have you given him to eat?"

"His appetite seems to have failed him pretty much. I've made gruel for him; but I could n't get him to touch it."

"Let me see some of your gruel."

Popkins handed her a dipper containing a thick, soggy substance.

"You call that gruel, do you? No wonder you could n't get him to eat it; it's my belief you've starved the poor gentleman to death. Suky Ann, you sit here while I go and make him some gruel. You've a kitchen, I suppose?"

"Certainly; I do all my own cooking there, now," said Popkins, leading the way thither.

"A clean porringer," said Miss Penniman.

"This has had gruel in it, and this I used about my dinner," said Popkins, taking up one porringer after another; "but here's one that's had nothing in it but shaving water."

"And soap," said Miss Penniman, sniffing at it with an expression of ineffable disgust. "I can wash it, however; a towel, please. *That* a towel?" surveying the article Popkins held out to her. "It looks to me like the half of a torn pillow-case—or worse. But never mind—it's almost daybreak; I'll go home and make the gruel."

And as Miss Penniman walked across the yard to her own house, there flitted through her mind the words of a certain old ballad, beginning

"Bachelor's hall, what a queer looking place it is."

The invalid not only drained Miss

Penniman's gruel to the last drop, but his eyes seemed to linger lovingly on the delicate napkin, the transparent china, and the brightly burnished spoon, with which it was served.

"Poor man! I suppose he has n't seen anything clean before for a good while," said Miss Penniman aside to Suky Ann.

"Just see that pair of—of—*must n't mention 'ems*, hanging up over old Merridew's likeness," said Suky Ann.

"And the boots on the centre table," responded her mistress.

"And the chimbley of the lamp; they'd better keep it to look at the next eclipse with," said Suky Ann.

That Mr. Merridew needed care rather than medicine, was evident, for under Miss Penniman's excellent nursing he grew rapidly better, and as he noted the firmness and the gentleness, the judgment and the tenderness, with which she ministered to his wants, he more than once found himself repeating Scott's lines—he had always thought them rather "spoony"—concerning "woman in our hour of ease," as contrasted with that same being "when pain and anguish wring the brow."

"You have been very kind to me, madam; very," said he, one day when she had brought him a piece of cold chicken and a tumbler of jelly.

"For a cantankerous old maid, yes," said she.

"Good heavens, madam! Did Popkins—"

"No, Popkins did n't. I heard it myself."

"You heard it, and yet you came to me! Miss Penniman, you are an angel of goodness."

"O no; for I should not have come, only that Popkins told me you were dying."

"And but for you, I believe I should have died. Miss Penniman, I have been a woman-hater; I even told Popkins a few weeks ago that I would not have a woman in the house as long as I had my senses—"



"And you did n't," observed Miss Penniman.

"True," said he, smiling; "but one came to me in my extremity, and now I cannot bear to let her go again. Through her I've learned the folly of setting myself against God's ordinances. In Eden he placed the first married pair, and in marriage has man ever since found his Eden."

For one moment Miss Penniman faltered under the gaze of those fine gray eyes; but quickly recovering herself, she said:

"If you have despised *my* sex, I've detested yours; and if I've detested one class of men more than another, it's the old bachelors. Why, Mr. Merridew, when I heard that you had moved into this house, I was well nigh tempted to move out of mine; only I concluded it would be wiser to stay and drive you out instead. I believed it would be the happiest day of my life when I should see you quit these premises, never to return; but, Mr. Merridew—"

"Go on, Miss Penniman."

"I've changed my mind."

When Miss Penniman announced her approaching marriage to her serving maid, that young woman exclaimed:

"Well now, if that ain't cur'ous!"

"You may well say so, Suky Ann; but if you had heard what beautiful things he said about the first pair in the garden of Eden, and all that—"

"O, I always knew 't was beautiful," interrupted Suky Ann; "but, ain't it cur'ous that I should have made up my mind to be married, just at this time, too!"

"You, Suky Ann?"

"Yes, I, Miss Penniman."

"To whom, pray? O, the butcher's moon-faced boy, I suppose. Not but that Thomas is a likely lad enough—"

"Lordy, 't ain't that greenhorn."

"Who then?"

"Popkins, mum."

*Ruth Chesterfield.*

#### THE FATE OF TWO CITIES.

THE destruction of Chicago, and the more partial destruction of Boston, by fire, have evoked the sympathies of the civilized world. The philosophers, the architects, the scientists, and the theologians, have industriously published their various theories as to the causes producing this annihilation of property, the destruction of civic monuments, and the obliteration of homes to which human hearts were strongly attached. To the wrath of offended Providence, as well as to the violation of natural laws, these visitations have been attributed. Be the cause what it may, the world has shown that human suffering finds sym-

pathy wherever men and women claim kindred with the human family. Appalling as is the destruction of a city under the circumstances of accidental origin, we have reason to be gratified that we live in an age when the like destruction is no longer an act of governmental discipline, and when, without even the weak pretext of war, royal displeasure does not find expression in the destruction of cities, the dispersion of the inhabitants, and the effort to annihilate the name and memory of the victims.

The traveller in Europe whose tastes lead him from the beaten paths of the ordinary tourists to gratify curiosity by

observing the toil and industry of the great productive workshops, will naturally visit Belgium, and visiting Belgium will of necessity spend some time in the city of Liege, situated at the junction of the Ourthe and Meuse rivers, about seventy miles from Brussels, in the centre of a broad plain hemmed in by mountains. It is one vast workshop. Each man, and it would seem each woman and child, is an artisan. Nature has deposited in close vicinity inexhaustible beds of iron and coal. Forever, by day and night, the miners are delving the ore and the fuel to feed the seemingly endless array of furnaces that never go out. In countless shops are strong, hardy, and skilful men, fashioning and forging this iron into every imaginable article which the wants of man require. Hardware, cutlery, engines, and locomotives, mills, nails, machinery; fire-arms and cannon; carriages, and every description of vehicle;—these are the employments of men. In other vast establishments the women and the children are as industriously at work upon linen and cotton goods, broadcloth and leather manufactures. The visitor, in looking at this busy scene, this human hive, will hardly realize that in any age, under any circumstances, any man would deliberately apply the torch, and for weeks personally superintend the destruction by fire of a city thus peopled, and like this the mart of industry. Yet this Liege of the nineteenth century is but the successor of another Liege built upon the same site, and deliberately destroyed by fire under the personal direction of the celebrated Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold.

Liege, then a small village, dates back to the seventh century. In the Latin Chronicles it is subsequently called Leodum. It is one of the legends of the country that an angel in the form of a venerable sage revealed to the peasant inhabitants the presence of coal, and taught them its uses. With this early discovery begins the

history of the industrial population of the city. In those days ecclesiastical states were common in Europe. A site was selected for a convent, or for a saintly shrine; and then came in time a settlement, and in the case of Liege, a city. The Church erected upon the hills the tomb of St. Lambert. The pilgrims soon learned to stay. The city grew in population and wealth, and St. Lambert's chapel became a cathedral, and Liege became a bishopric. The wealth of the See bought many privileges, until at last, in the tenth century, the Bishop of Liege was a prince as well as priest, a sovereign as well as a shepherd of souls. His principality included the city and many outlying towns. He had authority greater than his neighbors. He wielded a spiritual as well as political power. As Bishop, he sat in judgment upon the rude princes and chiefs of the surrounding country, and he had rarely an occasion for the exercise of armed force, because he was armed with the more effectual weapon, the spiritual excommunication. Protected by the Church, the people made themselves independent, and between the people and the Church, the petty nobles gradually perished, and the Chapter of St. Lambert became in time one of the strongest and richest powers in the empire. The Bishop was either elected by the Chapter or nominated by the Pope. The people enjoyed the largest political liberty and equality. The towns were supreme, and came in time to dictate to the Bishop; and frequent were the collisions between them. Yet amid all this confusion, Liege flourished. In 1450 it had 120,000 inhabitants. It was then a vast workshop, whose trade was secured by treaties with all parts of Europe. It was rich with public buildings, especially the great cathedral, where was kept the consecrated standard of St. Lambert which, on the outbreak of foreign war, was unfurled, and delivered to the commander, who, mounted on a milk-white charger, swore to surrender it only with his life. Near the cathedral was the *Violet* or

town-hall, fronting upon an open square. In the middle of this square stood a pillar of gilded bronze, surmounted by a cross. This pillar was revered as a symbol of the civic power. Here the people met on all great occasions. When public liberty was threatened, the tocsin was rung, and into this square the people poured from forge and shop, and took their stand around the bronze pillar. The conflicts between the people and the bishops were conducted in a peculiar manner. The prince had no physical force at his command, and the main if not the only power of the government was in the spiritual authority. As Bishop, he had only to issue his "interdict" against his rebellious subjects. The churches were instantly closed; the bells were silenced; the mass was no longer celebrated; the dying were denied the consolations of religion; the dead received no Christian burial, and marriages and baptisms could not take place.

During these times, the Duke of Burgundy married the heiress of Flanders, and thus acquiring dominion in two states gradually extended it over other states of the Netherlands, by conquest or purchase. Liege alone was not absorbed. It had no hereditary government, being an ecclesiastical state, and could not, therefore, pass by descent or marriage. The conquest of a state of the Church was something which even the unscrupulous Dukes of Burgundy would not attempt. But in 1408, the Bishop appealed to John, the Duke of Burgundy, his relative, for aid against the rebellious people of Liege. John entered the province, and at Othee was met by the undisciplined and poorly armed people. In that short battle, 25,000 of the people were slaughtered. Liege submitted, agreeing to heavy fines and penalties. The Bishop who had invited this cruel visitation, lives in the history of Liege by the name of John the Pitiless. In time, this severe punishment was forgotten; but the House of Burgundy

became more powerful. Though wearing no crown, Philip the Good was recognized the world over as a power in Europe, and as the wealthiest prince in Christendom. His power was felt in every court, and no where more sensibly than at Rome. Liege was still independent; but the See of Liege was practically in his gift. He had but to ask for the appointment, and whoever he might designate was made Bishop.

In 1456, the reigning bishop was John of Heinsburg, an easy, good-natured churchman, excessively fond of society, and extremely popular. Bishop John spent much of his time at the Burgundian Court, and Philip had no very serious difficulty in inducing him to resign. Philip then obtained from Rome the appointment of his nephew, Louis of Bourbon, a lad of eighteen years, and still at school at Louvain, to the vacant Bishopric of Liege. By special dispensation of the Pope, he was authorized to exercise the temporal duties of the office, and for that purpose he was escorted to Liege and formally inducted. The people of Liege now understood that they were practically subjects of the Duke. The Bishop, wholly unfit for government of any kind, levied severe extortions. A revolt was the consequence. Louis left Liege and took up his quarters at Huy, where he abandoned himself to a life of recklessness. Before leaving, he issued the inevitable "interdict." Against this, Liege appealed to all the superior authorities of the Church; but in vain. A compromise was proposed, and failed. An extreme party obtained ascendancy, and was succeeded by anarchy. At last they applied for relief to Louis XI. of France, and besought him to be the "protector of Liege," which that crafty prince promised to be. On the 5th of July, 1465, in accordance with a papal bull, the "interdict" was to be enforced with all its anathemas, unless the people yielded; and on that night the extreme revolutionary party seized the churches, rang the bells, and compelled the clergy to

perform their offices. At once new anathemas were hurled at the interdicted city. In the mean time, Charles, son of Philip the Good, had at the head of an army, subjected the King of France to a degrading peace. Charles at once marched upon Liege, and that state was compelled to make the "Piteous Peace," and at the same time yield submission to their Bishop-Sovereign.

In June, 1467, Philip died, and Charles the Bold became Duke. In the same year Liege was still in a state of anarchy. Louis of Bourbon remained at Huy, and the whole State was without a government. The fines imposed by the late treaty were unpaid. A desperate attempt was made to capture the Bishop and take him forcibly to Liege; it failed, the Bishop escaping to Brussels, and Charles proclaimed war against Liege. On the 28th of October, he met the army of Liege near Saint Irone, and completely routed them. He marched on Liege, which in due time surrendered unconditionally. He revoked all the privileges of the municipality, and decreed their local government to be administered by officers appointed by the Bishop.

So far, the treatment of Liege by the Dukes of Burgundy had been in accordance with the decrees of Rome. But time and the severity of the punishment had produced a change of sentiment. The real character of the Bishop was now at least acknowledged if not for the first time made known. A papal Legate was sent to effect a reconciliation. Liege had suffered greatly. Her trade was lost, her productions stopped, her population scattered. Her town-hall and public square, and her bronze pillar, were deserted. The interdict was still in force; her churches were empty and silent. Her walls and fortifications had been levelled by order of the conqueror. The Legate reached there in April, 1468. He removed the interdict, and Louis of Bourbon, for the first time in his twelve years of episcopacy, celebrated mass.

The efforts of the Legate to obtain leave to reëstablish a local government were, however, rendered abortive by the departure of Louis, the Bishop. This was followed by rumors of a war to be levied by the King of France against Charles of Burgundy, and the hatred of the latter revived with the hope of his eventual overthrow. The fugitive population of Liege returned. Threats of what Liege would do in case of an opportunity for revenge, were freely uttered. The Legate, in hopes of averting another calamity, in vain sought to reconcile the prince and the people; but the worthless bishop thwarted every scheme, and Charles sent word that in due time he would punish the revolt. Charles, leaving Liege for future punishment, marched his troops to the frontier to meet the King. The French King asked a conference with Charles, and under the usual pledges of safe conduct, with his guard visited Peronne, where Charles was, and was lodged in the castle. That same night news reached Peronne that a second attempt had been made to capture the Bishop, then at Tongres, and that it had been successful; that he had been carried prisoner to Liege, and compelled to restore all the ancient civic privileges of the city. Holding King Louis as the instigator of this proceeding, Charles violated all the rules of honor and good faith, and made the King a prisoner. After some weeks of imprisonment the King was forced to make a treaty, one part of which was that he should accompany Charles and his army, and witness the Burgundian punishment of his allies of Liege. This condition, from which the King sought to be released, was mercilessly enforced. The men of Liege went forth to meet this army, and were repulsed with great loss, on the 30th of October, 1468. Charles and his army entered the doomed city.

Having thus sketched the history of the events which aroused the vindictive anger of Charles of Burgundy, and

brought the story down to the eve of the awful punishment he inflicted, we leave him victoriously entering the beautiful but overwhelmed city, while we explain briefly the events preceding the destruction of its companion in misery and destruction, the city of Dinant.

In the same state or department of Liege, of which the city of that name was the capital, there stands now a city named Dinant, having a population of less than 10,000 inhabitants. It is on the banks of the Meuse, and fifteen miles south of Namur. In the year 1466, this place was the site of a large and flourishing town, having an immense trade, large productions, and closely connected with several dependent towns. The city had maintained for many years an extensive trade with England. It manufactured copper extensively. The brass founders were preëminent among the guilds. Its people were rich. The city was adorned with numerous costly and imposing churches, and its monasteries, owned by wealthy orders, compared with the finest of Europe. This city had, like Liege, disavowed the authority of Louis of Bourbon, the unworthy Prince-Bishop. On the opposite side of the river stood the city of Bouvignes, within the territory of the Duke of Burgundy. Bouvignes, though a comparatively small place, had no civil war on hand, and sought to rival Dinant; the result was a system of mutual insults and exasperation between the people of the two places. The people of Bouvignes were, of course, violent partisans of the Duke of Burgundy, and those of Dinant of the independence of Liege. As we have seen, when Burgundy was at war with France, the people of Liege were at war against Burgundy. The two towns, independent of their rivalry, were too near not to be ready at any moment for strife. The heights in the rear of each place were surmounted by towers from which a cannonade was kept up. There were constant raids by the bold of each

place upon the property of the other. The apprentices were the most violent in their demonstrations. On one occasion, an organized body of these, perhaps with others, sallied from Dinant, and crossing the river appeared under the walls of Bouvignes. Here they exhibited a figure of a man, the clothing stuffed with straw, a cow-bell suspended from the neck, and a ragged mantle adorned with the badges and other devices of the Burgundian family. They erected a gallows, and shouted to the observant Bouvignes, "Here is your Count of Charalois (Charles), a false traitor; in fact, no count at all, but the bastard of our old Bishop Heinsburg, passed off on your Duke as his son." Much more to the same effect was uttered, and they then hanged the effigy, and leaving it, retired to Dinant. Charles was then (1465) in France with his army, but the loyal people of Bouvignes posted messengers to the capital, when the story of this outrage, losing nothing in the transmission, was told to the old Duke, Philip the Good, and it was repeated with new enormities, until it was known to all parts of the Netherlands, and reached Charles on the frontiers of France. The Duchess, who had some years before laid aside her rank and had entered a convent, heard of it in her cell; she repaired at once to Brussels, and demanded of the Duke that the imputation upon her honor should be punished.

It was not long before the people of Dinant became conscious of the danger to them which this thoughtless proceeding had provoked. The Count of Charalois soon returned from France with his army. They sent to him every manner of apology; they appealed to every one far and near to intervene in their behalf. They made the most abject offers of submission. To all these appeals Charles refused any response. He made that year a treaty (the "Piteous Peace") with Liege, and all the other cities and towns of the principality, omitting Dinant. At last

he granted a truce to Dinant until May, 1466. May and June passed, and no action had been taken. In July, Philip had another attack of paralysis and mental derangement; from this he recovered, and at once ordered that the expedition against Dinant should move. The army met at Namur, Philip, borne on a litter, accompanying it. Charles crossed the river and marched with his troops against Dinant, while Philip removed to Bouvignes, from which place he could overlook what was done in the town opposite.

In the town, it had been determined to resist. That was the popular feeling. Many who had proposed submission were hanged. On the 19th the Burgundian artillery opened on the city. The braggarts who had insisted on defending the town escaped after a few days. After six days' almost continuous firing, the city surrendered, in order to avoid being captured by storm. Late in the evening a force was marched into the city, under orders to offer no violence; but at midnight the soldiers began the work of rapine, and continued it until next day at noon, when Charles appeared in person. On the 27th of August the fate and the manner of the destruction of the city were determined, and the necessary orders given.

The army was billeted upon the inhabitants. On that day, as soon as dinner was completed, each soldier seized the citizen in whose house he was lodged, and demanded of him, upon pain of instant death, where his treasures were concealed. For three days and nights the sack and pillage continued without intermission. Every building, room and out-house was searched and pillaged. The leaden roofs of the buildings were removed. The horses and vehicles of the city were taken and employed in removing the plundered property to appointed places beyond the walls. On the river, boats similarly laden swarmed. There were many contentions and much blood shed between the spoilers, over their

captured prizes. The vindictive and relentless Duke looked on unmoved at this scene. To his credit, however, be it said that from the first he peremptorily forbade any outrages upon women, and actually caused some men of his own guard, accused of this crime, to be hanged in a conspicuous part of the city, where their bodies remained suspended as a warning to others.

An investigation was had as to those who had participated in the outrage under the walls of Bouvignes. The witnesses were the people of the latter town. The details of the examination are unknown, but the dreadful result was a terrible sacrifice of human life. Eight hundred men, bound together in pairs, were thrown into the Meuse. This part of the atonement was witnessed by Philip the Good from his perch in Bouvignes, on the other side of the river. Others were hanged, and many killed by the soldiers. The surviving inhabitants were then declared the virtual slaves of the captors. Upon every man there was fixed a sum, upon the payment of which he might recover his freedom; if unable to pay, his captors could hold him or sell him as a slave. The women and children, and the ecclesiastics, were exempt from this bondage, and were ordered to leave the city forthwith. They were not allowed to take anything with them, save the clothing they had on. In the afternoon of August 28th this procession moved. The gates of the city were opened, and the women and children in long files moved out. They were offered an escort to Liege, whither this same army was soon to move on a precisely similar errand. Behind them were fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, in chains. Bereft of every species of property, reduced to absolute want, these thousands of helpless creatures were compelled to leave home, country, and protection, and perish from want by the roadside.

This accomplished, the next step in the programme was to remove the great body of the troops, preparatory to the



final destruction of the city. An accident, however, precipitated this part of its doom. The night after the departure of the women and children, a fire broke out, which soon spread. Orders were given to extinguish it, but it reached the Hotel de Ville, which was stored with powder. The explosion extended the fire. A great number of the prisoners, including the officials and more noted citizens, were confined in the Church of Notre Dame, and were burned in the destruction of that building. The fire spread furiously, and in its progress overtook soldiers laden with spoil; thousands were hemmed in between streets of blazing fire, and perished. The vindictive commander had no regret, other than that an accident should have anticipated his orders, and that the world would not give him the full glory of having applied the torch. He did what was next best to secure this destruction, and that was to have the fire applied to all parts of the town not within the range of the existing conflagration. Again and again was this work renewed. Buildings that escaped the fire one day, were fired the next; and so for seven days and nights did the hellish work progress, until there was not a habitation or a building left in the whole of the once proud city of Dinant.

The aged prince who, from his perch at Bouvignes, could see nothing left of the once stately city of Dinant, with its numerous churches and public buildings—not even of its walls, with their eighty towers—save blackened ruins and smoking embers, was not satisfied. He ordered laborers from other cities of his dominions to level the broken walls of the burnt buildings, excavate the foundation-stones, and cart away to distant places everything incombustible that might be used in rebuilding any portion of the city. The ruins were thus removed; officers were stationed there to collect everything of value, no matter how small, that had escaped the pillage and the fire. The dust and ashes and cinders

were actually sifted, in order to leave no relic to be found thereafter upon what had been the site of the brave city. In the list of articles found by the officers, and by them inventoried and sold on account of the government, were many of the character following:

“A little chain of silver, with bell.”

“Two little silver cups, weighing together one mark.”

“A pair of bride’s gloves.”

“An agnus enchased in silver.”

“A necklace with ten little paternosters of amber.”

The work of destruction continued until the next spring, and then, when there was not a stone upon another, and each timber and stone had been carried far away, the vengeance of Philip “the Good” was satisfied, and Dinant was no more.

We now return to Liege. We left the Duke, accompanied by his royal prisoner, just entering the city. The army was distributed through the city, each division having its limited district. This was the third visit of that army to Liege. On both of the former occasions there had been no violence or disorder or robbery. Now it was known there was to be a different policy. Large bodies of the people had fled across the Meuse, seeking temporary safety in the woods. The flight had been so precipitate that the soldiers found in many houses the table spread for the morning meal. Others had remained, hoping perhaps to save something of their property; and still others had sought safety in the sanctuary of the many churches, of which there were four hundred in the city. When the army entered the city, the mass was celebrating in all these. Upon this solemn service, rendered more impressive because of the terrible circumstances in which all were involved, there soon broke an awful interruption. The city had been surrendered to the soldiery, and the doom of Dinant was to be repeated in the city of

Liege. The churches of Liege were rich beyond those of any city outside of Rome. They were adorned in the most costly manner. The fame of their wealth exceeded perhaps the reality; but it served to lead the soldiers, once set free, to seek their first plunder in these religious houses. They entered the churches sword in hand. They robbed the inmates and murdered them at the same time. They ascended the altars, arrested the service, and tore the sacred vessels from the hands of the officiating priests—frequently avoiding discussion by murdering the latter. In one instance a soldier, while waiting for the completion of the mass, robbed the priest while the latter was elevating the host. The altars and all parts of the church were soon cleared of their valuables. Tombs were broken open, and the graves searched for treasure. The convents, and there were many, were invaded, the nuns subjected to every vile outrage, and then murdered. If any persons escaped with life, it was because the soldiers were too intent upon robbery and spoil. The old and young, men and women, met the same fate. Charles, who, since the destruction of Dinant, had succeeded as Duke, went in person to the cathedral of St. Lambert, and driving out the robbers, rescued that temple. His lieutenant in like manner rescued the church of St. James; but all the other churches were completely gutted and sacked. This fury continued all that day. On the succeeding morning an order was issued that aged men and women and children might leave the city. The ecclesiastical communities were sent by boats to another city. After the departure of these, license was again given. There were no orders to kill or plunder; but there was freedom given to the soldiers to do what they pleased. There was no concerted massacre; but there was a general and deliberate murder, without the weak apology of provocation. All the men found in Liege were prisoners—slaves. They were hanged, singly or

in groups, as if for diversion. Many were carried to the house-tops, and thence hurled to the streets below. The majority, however, who were killed, were taken to the bridge over the Meuse, tied together in pairs, and there thrown into the river. How many perished by these and other means of death is unknown. The historians, who were of the Burgundians, never gave any details, though they acknowledge the massacre. Various estimates, founded upon more or less historical data, are given; and many writers place the number as high as sixty thousand. Those who had fled the city before the advent of the troops, met a fate hardly less dreadful, and in some instances more cruel than those who had remained. They sought refuge and shelter in the woods. They were destitute of food and of clothing. They could go nowhere else. Harboring or giving shelter to fugitives from Liege was held to be a crime, and punished accordingly. Strong bodies of troops were sent after them. They were hunted as beasts. They perished with cold and hunger and from exposure.

On the 2d of November, King Louis was released from his enforced attendance, and left for France. He had counselled the destruction of the city, which owed the enmity of its ducal persecutor to its friendship for him. It is said that when he crossed the frontier, he threw himself from his horse and kissed the soil of France, giving thanks for his escape from the hands of his powerful and unscrupulous vassal.

For a week the army remained in Liege, continuing its work of murder and plunder, and in the mean time arrangements were matured for the final work. Unlike the proceedings at Dinant, the destruction of Liege was not to be the work of the army, but of regular workmen employed for that purpose. Laborers were imported from other places, who, upon the departure of the troops, were to begin their work.

The churches, monasteries, and the houses necessary for the habitations of the ecclesiastics, were to be exempted—all else of Liege was to be destroyed by fire. On the 9th of November, Charles and his army crossed the Meuse, and penetrated the forests and the mountainous districts, visited the villages and hamlets of the wood-cutters, miners, the charcoal-burners, and every place where some fugitive from Liege had or might have found a resting-place or shelter, and destroyed them all by fire. Mills and forges were destroyed, and the population, of all ages and sexes, murdered or driven forth to perish from cold and hunger. At various places he found persons who were held as prisoners, and these latter he executed. Such were his orders, and the awe in which he was held, that during the following winter several gangs of the fugitives who had approached the towns asking for food were seized and executed.

The day that he marched out of Liege, the work of destruction began. Some pains were taken to isolate the churches, in order to prevent their taking fire when the latter should be kindled. These precautions, however, failed in many instances, and the churches shared the fate of the less sanctified property. On the 9th of November the torch was first applied; and Charles and his army, then far away on their cruel mission, saw from their camp the light from the burning city. The fires thus kindled were allowed to exhaust themselves. Each morning a fresh fire was started; and thus, continuously, for seven weeks, did men labor unopposed to burn what was combustible in the city; and during those long weeks of days and nights, the fire thus used to gratify the royal demand for revenge, raged through the once beautiful city. At last these fires went out: there was

nothing more to burn. The churches which had been exempted by the Duke's command, and spared by the flames, stood surrounded on all sides by desolation. It is unnecessary to go into details. The havoc which had been enacted at Dinant was repeated, but on a more extensive field. The walls and ruins were levelled; the ashes and cinders carefully sifted. Everything of value was carried off and sold; and all that was left of Liege, that had been erected by man, were the churches without congregations, and priests without people.

While Charles the Bold lived, Liege remained unpeopled. Some stragglers—sole survivors of her people—found shelter in the rocky heights behind the city. After long and fervid appeals, the clergy were allowed to hire a few mechanics; but no step towards the rebuilding or re-inhabiting the city was allowed. No vessels were permitted to land; and in a commanding part of the city a fort was erected, commanding both sides of the river, and which suppressed any attempt to renew the industry which had once been so famed.

While it is true that this destruction of these two cities is open to the comment that it was not the work of barbarians, but the deliberate act of a Christian prince, who lived in one of the most refined courts of Europe, that the people upon whom he wrought this terrible vengeance were Christians, and kindred of his own subjects, it is due to truth to add that such a proceeding was in keeping with the ethics of that age, and that, while mankind looked, perhaps, with pity upon the suffering of the victims, the act itself was regarded as a matter-of-course event—one of the chances of war, when a weak power dared to oppose a strong one.

*James W. Sheahan.*

## AROUND THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

IT is not to sense alone that appeal the balsamic odor of Christmas boughs, the fragrance of the Christmas board, the cunning Christmas toys and tokens scattered through the room, and the cheery air of the house where the sacred season is duly celebrated. Memories, joys, hopes are interpreted here which belong to the sincerest experiences of life. Around the blessed fact of the divine good will—Emmanuel—cluster the blossoms and fruits that have scented our years and sweetened and nourished the best of what has come to us on earth. If we try to gather up in language these experiences, the aroma eludes us, the bloom vanishes, our words represent but outlines—the stalks and crumbling leaves of the reality. The true Christmas flavor, however, cannot be mistaken. But the cheer, the generous wishes, the joy of charity, the celestial hope, have to be known in the heart to be perfectly understood.

Christmas contains the marrow of the world's good. It is the part of heaven that has come down to us. The little of it that we allow to shine into our lives at intervals of a twelve-month, only shows the enrichment that it is intended we should enjoy the whole year through. If we do not gather its gifts for daily use, and make its spirit the spirit of our lives, it is no fault of the infinite Giver.

Heart and home are the best words of our wonderful speech, and Christmas means most where these are most sacred. These lives of ours instinctively gravitate towards a home. We may be as studious, as reserved, as stoical as we please; we may smile amid our ledgers, and stock lists, and railroad projects, at anything that smacks of sentiment; yet we crave affection, appreciative companionship, pure associations, a place of refuge and rest

where the atmosphere is congenial and the voices that salute us familiar and dear. We want to be a centre where there is confidence, intelligence, love; where the virtues shine around us. We wish to minister and to be ministered unto; giving and receiving without a thought of recompense, where no envy carps, or jealousy rankles, or vice breathes its contagion. Allowing that such a condition is difficult to reach in a world like ours, it is something to have its ideal, and to be won to the pursuit of it. But this home is by no means a dream. Here and there are very beautiful realizations of it. Perhaps sometime in your life you have happened into such a paradise. There was a mellowness in the air, a vitalizing warmth, a spiritual fragrance which was the very bouquet of the cheery, sympathetic, ardent heart, the bright intelligence and vigorous virtues. You felt at your ease—indeed, were more than comfortable. Something there responded to your best mood, your fairest anticipation. Your mind worked without effort. You were warmed to a soul-glow. You spoke freely as you thought. Fancy, affection, memory, hope, had a play whose exercise was delightful. Nothing rasped or irritated. Your life harmonized with the congenial life around. Now coming to consider the causes of this, you note the sweet temper, the cultivated mind, subtle sympathies, the free heart. Nothing like grudgings, ill will, offensive self-assertion, insincerity, sensuality, had a place there. It was a Christmas atmosphere altogether, and the effect of it on you was spiritual enlargement, a better view and a better hope of man.

To have the bliss of such homes, or even a portion of it, there must be a due preparation. But this preparation involves a pure heart, clean living, the

culture of the best with which we are endowed. Marble front mansions, splendid upholstery, spacious parlors, servants, equipage, the *entrée* to the "best society," are a miserably inadequate provision. Some who have these things, bring into it the least Christmas sweetness and good cheer. And yet, on the other hand, there are those who are prepared to shed there the charm of refinement, mental accomplishments and sunny affections, who literally have no home; lovers of children with no babes to fondle; queens of the heart with no heart on which to rest; patterns of domestic thrift with no household to superintend; types of gentleness and constancy and honor, with no centre from which to shed their loveliness. Let us hope that sometime and somewhere these choice spirits will find their rightful place, and that the barriers that imprison them now in a dreary loneliness may be forever broken.

Not all, by a great deal, that is admirable in character is appreciated, or always even observed. In the pushing and jostling world, those who stoutly assert themselves are usually those who are chiefly recognized. Long ago it was proverbial that modest merit has a poor chance. Some who earnestly seek for jewels, of course find them sooner or later. But the majority, among whom are strong friendships, apparently meet at first by accident. Still, I think there is in the undercurrent of true souls, an influence that tends to bring them together. The providential economy is vaster, more wonderful, and better than we sometimes think. When we come across what is noble and beautiful, it is natural for us to admire and enjoy. But ordinarily we do not keep on the lookout sufficiently for the excellencies of our neighbors. We are not always in the mood to appreciate the worth that deserves crowns. A great deal that is significant of the Christ-spirit on earth, escapes us in our indignation at what affronts us, or in our selfish rivalries

and ambitions. With more true sympathy life would be broader, greener, sweeter to us. In fact, we win by serving. We enrich ourselves by giving. We get the hearts of men by emptying into them our own. Some seem to know the secret of this, though they seek nothing for themselves, and so make perpetual summer about them. The scent of frankincense and myrrh is on their garments. They are the angels of a divine charity.

Go about the world, and in almost every neighborhood you will find some who are literally "ministering spirits." If there is a poor mother to be nursed, a wanderer to be sheltered, a burden to be borne for the helpless and destitute, they do it. You meet them in the chambers of the sick, in homes that are bereaved, wherever a pain is to be alleviated, or a tear wiped away. It seems as if they never grow weary, never get disheartened, never lose faith. In fact, their loveliness increases with their sacrifices. They consecrate neighborhoods with their charities. They make the churches fragrant. Yet they never know the good they do, and people often seem to think of them as they do of the gifts of nature—light, and air, and water—and take their service as a matter of course; but when they are removed, what woeful vacancies are made!

I sometimes picture the moral aspect of the world as a landscape; and these Christ-hearted people, these Christian homes, these beautiful souls are its fertile and flowery places, its nooks of greenery and rest, its fresh and bowery spots, where the birds sing sweetest and the summer is longest and the air most musical and sweet. Indeed one can trace, if he will take the pains, the best growths of all the virtues, the presence of the most refreshing and inspiring joys, the light of the fairest hopes and friendships, to those who breathe the spirit of the Master and follow his blessed steps. All the springs of the loving, dutiful, generous, devoted spirit are in Him. There can

be no object in ignoring the dark evils that curse the world. These are obvious enough without description; still we know by the good that is done and the happiness that is enjoyed that these gracious rills keep flowing, these springs keep bubbling up, these flowers keep blooming, these pleasant odors keep wafting over the desert places with suggestions of a divine fruitfulness. And so the world is beautified and gladdened more and more. A blessed influence keeps going forth—most of all from the churches, but also from the closet, our benevolent societies, our homes of refuge, our asylums, our hospitals, our schools, our literature—that is conserving, hopeful, hallowing. What animates all is the vital heart of love. There the fire is kindled that consumes prejudice and revivifies the world. There work the subtle forces that bring cheer and help and consolation. For it "is the spirit that quickeneth." One trouble is, we live too far apart. We get into clans and sets, forgetting that all mankind is the household of the Lord. 'It is true that congenial natures will seek each other, and on meeting, through inevitable laws, will cling together; but there is a common humanity underlying all, that we cannot slight without affronting Him who redeemed it. Keep alive a sense of this—the Christmas sense—and the race is served. The reality of the divine charity is greater than any measure we have for it. No favored hierarchy has charge of this, to dole it out on set occasions, or as may suit their caprices. The brotherly spirit conserves the world. The divine incarnate is the perpetual fact of our manhood, the grace of our sanctuaries, the purity of our firesides, the pledge of our immortality. We rejoice in neighborly service, wholesome laws, charities that fly across oceans to lavish their gifts, the widening circle of pleasurable possession and opportunity, but the soul of it all is the breath of the Gospel.

Since we can look at the manger in

Bethlehem, all cradles are sacred now. Our birth is the day of our coronation. Learning deeply the sacredness of life, we do not need to be instructed in tenderness, reverence, generosity. That young child appeals to you as nothing else can—not merely by its helplessness, its beauty, its innocence—but on account of its possibilities, its inheritance, its destiny. All that can make being royal and sweet and noble is for that soul or in it. The angels sing to it. The heavens declare to it their glory. The ages mirror to it their deeds of splendor and renown. To it mighty priests and seers deliver their messages. Christ stoops down to it, and embraces it. There is nothing of all that is monumental of human achievement and divine intervention but was made for it. For it the seasons revolve, the elements are benign, the earth endures. All labors, laws, arts, governments, sciences, religions, times, eternities, are for this soul. Sages, bards, heroes are its nurses, guardians, instructors. God is its father. Those who read the truth of things aright, do not look for the signs of an advancing Christianity in grand cathedrals, a gorgeous ritualism, ecclesiastical hierarchies, but in the recognition of Christ in man—such a reverence for the soul as leads to pure living and a true brotherhood. We are marching out of the wilderness, are coming, let us believe, to a better state, but we are far yet from exemplifying the mind of the Master. We should treat each other better and ourselves better, if we appreciated always the sacredness of the soul. It is too much at appearances that we look. The rough garb, the disagreeable manner, the uncomely visage, the unlovely surroundings and relationships, have undue weight with our opinions, and hence often on our behaviour. Of the soul itself we cannot be too considerate. If we were estimated merely by what is ungracious in us, few would pass the ordeal.

One of the most beautiful traits is fairness of judgment—the considerate.



ness and sincerity that take in the whole matter without an unworthy bias. To pick a character to pieces and render it offensive to the beholder, requires only a mixture of spite, envy and conceit, a little vulgarity, mendacity, and a hard heart. Too much of this is going on, and it's a pity that any enjoy it. To have a full illustration of what it can do for you, just get yourself nominated for some office. Such a picture of yourself as you will then have an opportunity to see, you never dreamed of. You are kind, virtuous, honest; you have sense, taste, education. Your family is proud of you, your minister loves you, you are welcomed to the tables of the best people in the land. But, if the newspapers tell the truth, you have been under a miserable delusion, for you see that you are ignorant, boorish, unprincipled, a friend of blackguards and thieves, a pest to society, a brute in your family, a traitor to your country; that your purposes are base, and that your election to office would be a curse to all concerned. At first you are a good deal bewildered; and in this mood, as you go out, you rather wonder whether the butcher will trust you or the boys pelt you in the streets. That strikes me as the meanest kind of dishonesty which ignores a man's good traits in describing him, and distorts and exaggerates all that is unlovable. It is one of the strange things that people can do this in cool blood, with so much apparent complacency. Yet they do, and seem to eat and sleep well, when one might think they would be haunted by the ghosts of those they help destroy. Horace Greeley was just as useful, noble, honest and loyal a citizen the day before the election as the day after; yet certain editors, who gave touching and appreciative eulogies of his character after his death, could hardly find language for their virulent invective while he was a candidate.

Whims, caprices, enmities, friendships, ambitions, interfere grievously in

much criticism, and large allowance has to be made, in many cases, for such modifying elements. I am the last one who believes in indiscriminate praise. Praise that is worth anything should be the expression of honesty and capability. Too much is said that is the mere flattery of interested parties, and too little that is the unbiased description of genuine excellence. Some persons seem to begrudge applause where it is deserved, as if any gift of this kind detracted so much from their own consequence. As a rule, there is not enough judicious praise. A great many are waiting to-day for kindly recognition—children for the approval of parents and tutors; young persons serving conscientiously in stores and manufactories and offices, for a pleasant token from employers; wives for the praise of husbands strangely forgotten since they nobly earned it. There are teachers who, with all their devotion to their work, hear little but complaint; and artists, inventors, scholars, who are hungry for deserved recognition. Of some the good word will never be spoken till they die, perhaps not then. One of the saddest things to me is the neglect of the true heart—the beautiful and brave life—till all is over. A few of the flowers that are scattered then, if given in season, would have cheered many a dark day, and prevented many a bitter pang. We minister truly when we let the life that is worthy know that, at least, we appreciate it. There are a hundred ways in which we can do this, to those around us, that would make the desert places smile again. No human heart gets too much intelligent sympathy. We are wonderfully linked together, and though we may affect the most repellant cynicism, I am persuaded that few feel it. We like the assurance that our fellow-beings remember us kindly, and are interested in our welfare. Even the conventional inquiry about our health and condition is pleasant. If we have been of service to any soul it is inspiring to

know it. It is in the more vital experiences, of course, that we find the strong bonds of fellowship. That which is profoundest, is most real; and the earnest nature is the freest from masks and affectations. Those who suffer sharply and struggle bravely, are never strangers to each other. No introduction would be needed between such men as Dante and Milton. The same principle holds respecting human joys. One of the strongest elements of Christianity is sociability. The deepest things in one's possession are connected with the spiritual world. When conversation gets beyond the trivial — fashions, moneys, stocks, merchandise, it inevitably hits religion. There is a sense of the Infinite in every heart — it carries a secret of the Divine. The most tender and affectionate confidences are on the subject of the soul and its destiny. Some, who have the strangest and most curious things to say in this connection, have never made a confession in the churches. The revelation may be spoken to you, if you are fitted to receive it. The doctrine of auricular confession is a good and true one — properly used. We must open our hearts sometimes to human ears, or they will break. Some of the most marvellous poetry, some of the divinest music, are wails out of natures that are starving for spiritual nourishment and sympathy. He is the best priest who can understand best this strange nature, and show it most of Christ. Man craves harmony, home, perfection. He must have a religion. All history shows that. The religions that have been powerful on earth were not accepted on account of their falsities, but their truth. The religion of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet, have each some great and valuable truths. But as systems they are unsound, unsymmetrical, insufficient. They do not cover the whole ground of life. The full requirements of humanity are not served by them. They do not contain the elements of perpetual progress toward the possible

good. The religion that does not make of man all that is possible in the intention of his Creator, can never be the universal religion. Right here Christianity vindicates its supreme excellence. Some in our time, however, not only seem to repudiate Christianity, but even Deism itself. The last phase of this hopeless philosophy appears in the German, Hartmann, who teaches substantially that life is evil. His experience must be a sad one, to have induced such a terrible view of the universe as he paints; and his advice — the last wail of despair — is that by a grand act of self-abdication, the human race should cease to exist. Let a man, in the glow of his Christmas joy, be asked to subscribe to such a doctrine, and it is as bad as an invitation to cut his throat at once. Such a thought is simply monstrous. For hope sings in his heart. Nature is jubilant. Home is happy. Friends are dear. God is gracious, with the voices of Bethlehem and the scenes of Calvary. "It cannot be," he says, "that the marvellous and magnificent mechanism of the universe, the opulence of the soul in its knowledge, powers, affections, aspirations, this keen sense of existence, mean defeat, despair, death. There is too much that tells of higher possibilities still; that expresses infinite and benevolent intelligence, that is wondrous and satisfying in the revelation of the Divine plans and perfections — too much of all this, to be a phantasy and a fraud. I know for myself a life that cannot die."

The fact is, Christianity stands preëminent and supreme as a religion; for in the ideal of its Founder it is the perfect health of the body and soul. We see yet only partial results. All the future is its harvest-field. It is by no addition of new doctrine that it meets the changing phases of human life and requirement, but by the more ample actualization of its inherent capabilities. It is not to be judged, either, by features that come and adhere to it through man's infirmity and

fallibility. In the fiery trials to which it has been subjected as a system—its contact with barbarism, superstition, pantheism, imperialism—it is no wonder that it tolerated customs, and used appliances, and suffered a disfigurement, that seem incongruous with its principles and claims. Still, it conquered through its divineness, and will continue its forward march in the achievement of human good. No man, knowing profoundly what the world has been in its foul idolatries, its cruel superstitions, its legalized iniquities and abominations, and what Christianity has already effected, can fairly doubt it.

In every bright face, in every cheerful home, in every gracious deed, in every burden that love bears, in its sweet ardors and generous trusts, it has a hopeful and assuring sign. Sitting around the Christmas hearth, with its suggestive symbols illuminated by the spirit of the sacred season, we feel that the triumphant burst of the angelic choir, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," is not a mythical or capricious interlude of the "heavenly host," but the supreme reality of time, whose blessedness shall be consummated in eternity.

*Horatio N. Powers.*

#### THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"WHAT shall I do with all my wondrous strength?"

Cried out the pagan giant Aprobis;

"It sweeps the weakly world before its path,  
And takes small count of wrath of gods or men.  
Nay, what *are* gods? Methinks Olympus swarms  
With the worst weakness of Humanity:  
Lascivious Jove, proud Hébé, and the tricks  
Of that unchaste Idalian Aphrodite.  
What are the wings of Hermes, when they fly  
As often with the theft as with the rod?  
And what the wine god's thyrsus, when it falls  
From drunken hands, too weak to give commands?  
Nay, what is Power, immortal Power, that sinks  
Deeper and lower than the vice of men?  
I will serve none of them, nor own a lord  
Who is not stronger than the world beside;  
Who is not wise and great, and holds his own  
Against all odds, against the jaws of Hell,  
Against all weakness and against all Fate.  
I will gird up my loins, and travel on  
To where the Eastern monarch holds his court,  
And serve him with my strength on bended knee,  
If he is greater than these paltry gods."

And so the Giant travelled towards the East,  
Through trackless forests and o'er mighty streams,  
Until he came within a city's walls,  
With banners waving, and the sounds of war  
Upon the swarming streets. Swept with the crowd,

He entered in a hall so full of light  
 From dazzling gems and crimson-broidered walls  
 And all the richest hues of purple state,  
 That he stood blind before the golden throne  
 And cried: "O King! I come to be thy slave,  
 For thou art greater than the gods or men."  
 Then the great king smiled proudly, and replied:  
 "So be it, Giant. Lo! thou com'st in time  
 To see me crush mine enemies like dust;  
 And thou shalt stand within the battle's van  
 And bring me tidings how the fight goes on."

So all that day the Giant went and came,  
 Bringing rich trophies to the golden throne;  
 And all that day the tide of battle ran  
 With the brave warriors of the Eastern king,  
 Until the sunset. Then a foeman seized  
 The king's bright banner, with its gem-wrought sun,  
 And trailed the haughty motto in the dust;  
 And though a thousand rallied to the spot,  
 Driving the foe before them like the sand,  
 Yet the king's banner was forever lost.

So when the Giant to the monarch came  
 And told him of the foeman's dauntless deed —  
 How he had seized the banner — the king cried:  
 "It is Sathanus!" And he trembled sore,  
 Until the pagan rose and cried aloud:  
 "O King! is Satan mightier than *thou*?  
 Art thou afraid of him?" The king replied:  
 "Alas! who fears not the Incarnate Sin,  
 Who works all evil and who has all power  
 To tempt and kill? Aye, only through this sign,"  
 And with his trembling hands he traced a cross,  
 "Can we defy him, nor defy him long  
 Unless the sign is graven in the heart."

Then frowned the pagan giant Aprobos:  
 "I will not serve thee, feeble and afraid,  
 With shadowy signs to fight a mighty foe!  
 Only the Conqueror shall have my strength;  
 Only the kingliest shall bend my knee;  
 Where is this Satan? Where holds he his court?  
 See! I will travel on until I hail  
 My master in the master of the world.  
 Where shall I find him?" And the king replied:  
 "Lo! he is everywhere!" and crossed himself.

So Aprobos strode out with angry brow,  
 And league on league he measured on the earth;  
 For to all questions came but one reply —  
 "Satan is everywhere!" And lips grew pale,  
 And fingers traced the cross upon the air,

Till the bold Pagan wearied of a quest  
Where shadows met him — shadows, nothing more !

But once at midnight on the Syrian sands  
He stood with the wild yearning at his heart,  
And cried to the dead silence : " Where is he —  
This Satan whom I seek ? " And lo ! the moon  
Turned to a blood - red ball, and lurid lights  
Smote out the solemn glory of the stars,  
And the wild Sarsar's breath leaped from the west,  
Hurling its madness on the swathing sands,  
Till faint and staggering through the pathless drift  
The Giant fell, as a vast caravan  
With its dark leader filed before the storm.

Oh, not a shapeless form of clinging fear  
Which haunts the wild and fever - stricken brain —  
No fair temptation of each mortal sense  
Leading to death - in - life and endless pain —  
But Aprobos within that army saw,  
And nothing heeded, but the lofty port  
Of the dark warrior who led the van.  
He towered above the rest, and on his crest  
The lightning played, and lit the high, stern brow,  
And the remorseless will and power which looked  
With an immortal woe from out his eyes.

Then the bold Pagan knelt before his path  
And cried : " Art thou Sathanus whom I seek ? "  
Pulsing the air with throbs of wildest sound  
That stirred all evil thoughts and cruel lusts,  
The answer rose and swelled : " Behold me here ! "

So then the Giant vowed his strength and life,  
And followed through the desert and the wilds ;  
Within all crowded cities, where'er men  
Were born and lived and wrought and sinned and died,  
Hell's banner floated conquering and proud,  
Whilst its dark leader smote invisibly,  
And all the world went down before his path.

But one spring morning, through the woodland shade  
They swept into a little turf - hemmed space,  
Where a rude chapel raised its humble arch  
And worshippers bowed down before a cross,  
While " Christus ! Christus ! " thrilled the soft, sweet air.  
At the blest name of Christ, Hell's legions fled,  
Scattered and broken, and their leader stood  
With awful shudderings through his mighty frame,  
Till from his palsied hand his weapons fell.  
" Master, who is this Christ ? " the Giant asked.  
No answer. " Tell me, is he, too, a king ? "  
And then, as by a force against his will,

Sathanus bent his head in solemn sign.  
 "What, greater than *thou* art?" Then with a cry  
 Of one who, falling from a deadly height,  
 Grasps both the bliss of life and pain of death  
 In one dread thought of mortal agony,  
 The Prince of Darkness hid his face and fled.

Then Aprobos went on in search of Christ,  
 And came one evening to a hermit's cave,  
 Who told him all the strange, mysterious tale  
 Of the Man - God who left his glorious throne  
 To bear the sin and sorrow of the world;  
 Of all the weary load of grief and care  
 That brought the blood - sweat to his holy brow;  
 And of the scourge and shame and crown of thorns,  
 The death of Death — the triumph of the Cross.  
 He listened till his inmost soul was stirred,  
 And cried aloud: "Show me at once his foes —  
 This Christ of mine — and I will give my strength,  
 My blood, and life, and fight them till I die!"  
 Softly the hermit touched him on the breast;  
 "Son, they are *there* — those foes who bade him bleed;  
 Conquer thine evil passions and thy pride,  
 And thou hast triumphed o'er his foes and thine;  
 Soften thy soul to useful, gentle deeds,  
 And thou wilt serve him in the meanest man  
 To whom thou lendest help for his sweet sake.  
 He will come to thee! Oh, believe it well!  
 When thou hast filled thy heart with holy thoughts,  
 When thou hast filled thy life with loving acts,  
 When thou art whole and clean, the King will come,  
 And thou wilt share the kingdom and the crown."

So Aprobos went on, and built a hut  
 Where a great river rolled its mighty flood,  
 And there was neither bridge nor boat to cross;  
 But he bore pilgrims to the other side  
 In his great arms, which reached above the flood,  
 And counted neither toil nor danger aught  
 If he could serve men for his Christ's dear sake.

One stormy midnight, when a tempest roared,  
 A little child stood outside of the hut  
 And called aloud: "Good Aprobos, come out!  
 For I have many weary leagues to go,  
 And thou must bear me o'er the roaring flood."  
 The Giant came and looked out at the night —  
 Black, starless, with a hurricane's dread breath  
 Lashing the waves and tearing up the trees —  
 And said: "The swollen waves would bear me down;  
 I cannot cross thee!" But the child replied:  
 "Nay, I *must* cross, whatever may betide;  
 Thou wilt not help me? I must go myself."



But then he took the child within his arms  
 And said: "Not for thy sake, but his,  
 My King and Lord, I'll bear thee o'er the stream  
 Even if I sink; for I have vowed to him  
 My strength and life, and dare not turn aside  
 From helpful acts by which I serve my Lord."

Louder the tempest thundered, and the staff  
 By which the Giant held his footing shook  
 Like a frail reed, although it was a tree  
 Torn from its roots. The child upon his back  
 Lay like a mountain weight that crushed him down,  
 And heavier grew within the deepest tide.  
 Aprobos trembled with a sudden fear  
 And cried: "Who art thou, child?" But it replied:  
 "Fear thou not, Aprobos, but struggle on;  
 The shore is nearly gained." Then, spent and worn,  
 He bore his burthen to the other side,  
 And sank upon the earth, and cried aloud:  
 "What art thou, child?" When lo! a sudden light,  
 Brighter than noonday, purer than the stars,  
 A glory not of earth nor of the skies,  
 Illumed the midnight, and the river ebbed  
 And lay a level calm, and the storm's voice  
 Sank into sweetest notes, like harp-strings swept  
 To angel songs of holy ecstasy.

As the child stood, the centre of that light  
 That seemed the love and glory of his smile,  
 The Giant's heart was thrilled; and in the sand  
 He laid his face, and murmured: "What art thou?"  
 "Thy King, O Aprobos! thy Lord and Christ!  
 Lo! I have watched thee in thy toilsome quest,  
 And helped thy battle with the inward foes;  
 And I have come to hail thee as mine own —  
 Bought, sealed, and ransomed for Eternity.  
 Not Aprobos but Christoferes be —  
 For thou hast borne thy Christ across the tide."

Then Christopher cried out with happy tears,  
 And laid his forehead on the sacred feet —  
 "I have sought for thee, Lord, in godlike strength,  
 On kingly thrones, or in the warrior's mail;  
 Wherever Might or Power held their court,  
 I sought to feed this hunger of my soul.  
 But lo! I find thee in a little child,  
 And see thee through a mist of blinding tears,  
 With a poor heart all broken by the thought  
 That I have only served thee for a span.  
 Take me with thee, my Christ, my Lord, my All!  
 See! now I hold thee — will not let thee go,  
 Unless thou givest me some token sure  
 That thou wilt never leave me to myself."

"Am I not with thee, servant good and true?"  
And the clear voice rang like a trumpet's call.  
"Am I not with thee in this yearning love,  
In thy repentance, and in all thy prayers?  
Never a thought of Heaven but draws me near;  
Never a loving act but I bear part;  
Never an humble prayer, but in that heart  
I enter, and my tabernacle make!"

But still the Giant cried: "Oh, let me go  
And be with thee! I love thee — let me go!  
O Master! let me see thee with mine eyes,  
For the poor heart is weak, and knoweth not  
Sometimes the Master's voice, 'ere it departs.  
Oh, I could die in thinking of such chance!  
I, who have been so long the blind and deaf,  
Starving for light — I cannot let it go  
Now it is here! Be merciful, my King!"  
And then he sobbed, and kissed the sacred feet,  
And pleaded in his agony of love.  
But all his passion sank to peaceful calm  
As the rebuking voice rose on the air:  
"Be patient, Christopher; when by thy faith  
Thou see'st me everywhere, and learn'st that Time  
Is the seed sowing for Eternity,  
Then will I take thee to my Father's court,  
And standing up before the Great White Throne  
Will say: 'This is the servant whom I bought  
With my life's travail! Is it not well done?'  
And thou wilt hear, 'Well done, O faithful heart!  
Enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The clear voice ceased; and then the Giant fell  
Into a trance that was not sleep nor death,  
But filled with visions so divinely bright  
That when he wakened with the morning sun,  
Upon the hills it looked to him so dim,  
So full of shadows, that he turned away  
And sighed: "The earth is dark!" when lo! behold  
The staff that he had cast upon the ground  
Had risen up into a lofty palm,  
With birds among the branches, and the dew  
Upon the scarlet fruit which gleamed and glowed  
Among the fan-like leaves. Christopher rose  
And cried: "Behold my Master's token!  
Out of the sapless staff thou bringest forth,  
O Christ! the glory of a fresh new life!  
And shall I doubt that thou canst make my life,  
Thrice arid though it be, the fruitful soil  
For goodly growths to scale the upper Heaven?"

So Christopher went forth and bore his life  
As one who waited patiently, nor shrunk

From any pain by which to serve his Lord.  
And when he slept that sleep which wakes to life,  
He left such legends in the hearts of men  
Of high endeavor and of steadfast faith,  
That in all troubles they would cry aloud:  
"Help, holy Christopher, to stem this flood,  
And bear us up above the raging waves  
As thou didst bear thy Master o'er the tide!"

*Marie B. Williams.*

### THE SOLIDEST MAN IN THE PEAKS.

THE most conspicuous and lofty mountains of Virginia are a short range called the Peaks of Otter, lying where the great Blue Ridge somewhat brokenly takes up its line of march southward after an unsuccessful bout with the James River. Between the Flat Top and the Apple Orchard—towering summits of the range—lie a number of spurs, ridges, and summits, confusedly jumbled together like discomfited officers in a hurried council of war. On the northwest side a multitude of springs pour out, forming, in precipitous and gloomy ravines, a hundred tumbling streamlets that gather and join to make Jennings' Creek, flowing into 'James River. To this day, the adventurous trout-angler finds experienced mountain topographers obscure and conflicting when attempting to locate these smaller branches, and concludes that few persons have found adequate motive for exploring them all, with respect to character and position in the mountain wilderness.

But, not to go further back, there was a time when the road running along the base of the range on that side was relieved by but few human habitations, and was scarcely so much as a boundary to the daily bear and the panther whose domain in the mountain on that side was yet unbroken by a single clearing.

At a place where the tortuous, ridgy summit of the range swags lowest, some oozy springs are slightly salt, and the nearly level surface, grown with gigantic ferns, is black, and during most of the year wet. Here, at proper times, the intrepid hunter of old seldom came without finding one or more bears licking the soil and wallowing in the grateful mud. It was at the Bear Wallow that one Alexander Bell, called Sober Sandy, once prevailed in a fight with a she-bear, capturing her three cubs, after a struggle in which maternal fury had nearly overmatched the bold assailant, who saved his life-blood, fast flowing from a torn artery in his arm, by tying around the limb a sinew warm from the leg of the vanquished beast; yet, lest his living trophies should escape, spent the night hard by, rigging with his one hand a leading-string for them from strips of his hunting-shirt, though he was liable at that dangerous resort to the attack of a fresh enemy at any moment. It was near sunrise on that occasion when Sober Sandy, dragging and coaxing his frolicsome but unwieldy prisoners, reached the Old Tolly clearing, and consented to allow his neighbors to go to the Wallow and get his slaughtered game, while he surrendered to the women at the cabin, and quietly awaited the distant and tardy surgeon, tightening the cord be-

times around the benumbed and swollen limb.

Sober Sandy was not a Scotchman, but his physiognomy, speech and tone of character had not lost much of the Caledonian through several diluting generations. Remarkably taciturn, if he spoke at all it was sincerely, soberly, and always justly, in a sententious manner and a low but engaging tone. He never joked or laughed, and seldom smiled. Only extreme necessity, however, could constrain Sandy to answer a question in terms. If ingenuity could supply appropriate gesture, he would respond in no other language. His wife, Kitty, in whom he was unfortunate, was accustomed in her giddy way to declare that their marriage was unlawful, for Sandy, said Kitty, never answered a word to the minister. Bred to no better life than his rude neighbors of that day, Sandy, though no man on the mountain was so unobtrusive, was a common recourse for all inquiry or difficulty. His silence was always understood, however mistakenly, as a sentence that the matter was foolishness; while if he spoke, his answer was no more disputed than the testimony of the senses. A ghost story, at one time giving some trouble, was once for all exploded by Sandy's bare expression, in his barbarous mixture of brogues, "Ef ary ghaist was thar, he'd a' showed hissel' to me." As a woodcraftsman Sandy's achievements, though eminent, were inferior to his reputation, which, for correct judgment, skill, courage, and, above all, unswerving, tenacious persistency, was not enhanced even by his triumph in the deadly conflict at the Bear Wallow above mentioned, and his characteristic determination to keep the dangerous field till he could bring away his singular prize. Except only his constant pipe, Sandy indulged in no one of the agents by which man endeavors to solace the burdens of life—never touching liquor, coffee, or even the tea of herbs.

It was with such a leader that four of

the hardest men of the neighborhood, having assembled by appointment one fine June morning at the foot of Stirrup Hill, on the southeastern side of the Range, were completing arrangements for an extraordinary expedition. The object was to explore, under the lead of Sandy Bell, the wild ravines on the northerly side of the Range before referred to, to find a certain deep abyss, surrounded with high, precipitous rocks, hung with vast sheets of moss, and studded with trees so large that others of the forest would hardly make limbs for them—the whole shaking with the perpetual thunder of a tremendous cataract, leaping into the gorge and whirling in noisy rage until lost in the hurrying mist that continually shrouded its dark, abrupt exit. The existence of such a place was rendered so improbable by the belief that at one time or another everything noteworthy had been discovered on the whole Peak Range, that it may readily be surmised that only the testimony of Sober Sandy himself could have rendered it credible. "It is thar, lads; I kenneed it mysel' last Friday fortnight," was decisive. Sandy reckoned that if all the water in both Jennings' Creek and Big Otter were united, the stream would hardly be more of a river than that which he had seen pour out of the high mountain side and sink again below, somewhere short of the frequented region. As Sandy's localizing instinct was deemed unerring, his own obscurity as to its precise situation was not the least remarkable fact. All agreed, however, that the sound might be muffled by the depth of the chasm; while some of the men confessed that in lying out on any of the Peaks, even as far off as the Terrapin Mountain, they had frequently heard, in the still night, as their ears lay on the ground, a deep, distant, fearful rumble. Sandy, however, acknowledged that he had never heard anything of the like, except real thunder. That Sandy was reticent on some points relating to his wonderful discovery excited no distrust,

that being his way; while his statement, varied but little in frequent repetition, was precise, sober, and, in the rude but graphic language of the forest, vivid and impressive. For a fortnight after his discovery, Sandy had revolved the matter in his mind in secret; and having come to a resolution, he imparted to his coadjutors only enough to secure their aid, well knowing that if he told all, the boldest of them would have declined to accompany him.

The grave energy with which Sandy was inspecting each man's outfit and communicating his plans, attracted no particular attention this morning, though perhaps more curious observers of men than any of this artless party would have detected, by watching those moments of transition from object to object, which during inward agitation the most consummate reserve cannot altogether veil, a deeper spirit of adventure than had ever stirred him before.

At length, completely accoutred, the party set out. They followed up the Gunstock fork of the Otter to its source, between the Big Onion and the Apple Orchard mountains, and thence, just as the sun rose, crossed the ridge. Before descending, Sandy halted the party, and with uncommon care, even for him, recapitulated the whole plan. The region to be explored—equal in area to a score of as rough square miles as could well be imagined—was divided into three sections, corresponding with the three principal forks of Jennings' Creek, and their boundaries settled by known landmarks. Two men each were assigned to the side sections, while the Middle Fork was taken by Sandy alone. Each man was to advance in a separate line, and on nearing any spot well known to him was to fire and start toward his partner, the latter to answer the signal and advance until the two should see each other; then they should separate, each returning to his own line in an oblique direction. By this method it was expected that they would traverse the

whole region in intersecting lines too numerous to admit of large unexplored spaces.

Before the middle of the afternoon, the North and South Fork sections had been thus searched without effect, and the well-known sound of Sandy's rifle had collected his party far down on the Middle Fork. They found him seated on a large, smooth boulder in the bed of the stream, with his letter C steel flint, and piece of punk, lighting his corn-cob pipe. He heard their diffuse report without attention, for the agreed signal—three shots in quick succession—had not advised him of the only thing he wanted to know. He was visibly discomposed, and his deep gray eyes were for once restless. His chagrin awed the company, rather than evoked the ridicule which under like circumstances none of themselves could have escaped. "It is thar, lads; I kenned it mysel'," said Sandy at length, doggedly. After a pause, he demanded a more exhaustive search of the Middle Section, and the party started. But sunset found them on the summit unrewarded. Nothing was more improbable than that Sober Sandy was out of his head; but the most witless minds, facts being stubborn things, have to frame them into some hypothesis or other. As they clambered up, each for himself, the rude but kindly men had begun to suspect that "the solidest man in the Peaks" had led them a crazy chase after something he had dreamed about. By tacit hints, this came to be understood among the four, a fact which a less acute man than Sandy would have seen, as they all sat down on a lofty cliff, before which lay a broad, sunlit landscape, slashed with lengthening shadows and purpling with evening. The reticent hunter exhibited an unwonted uneasiness, often clearing his throat as if to speak; but at length, without a word, he arose with a deep sigh, turned his troubled face homeward, and silently led the way to the settlement, then no higher up the

range than where the Apple Orchard spring joins the Gunstock fork. His cabin at that spot was first reached, and upon a thoughtless pleasantry by the youngest of the men to Sandy's wife, Kitty loudly and volubly responded that she "knewed it!" He had frequently said and done crazy things lately, of which she detailed, in his presence, many preposterous and irritating instances. Sandy's unnoticed wrath was lowering; but when he saw on the curious countenances of the hitherto deferential men, the commiserating smile with which his calm expression that "Kitty was ever a foolish lass" was met, he was roused into instant and frantic violence. Sandy Bell's most hospitable cabin was cleared in a twinkling of all guests, and the news thus confirmed quickly spread: "Sober Sandy's gone crazy!"

That had been a sad day which introduced the "solidest man of the Peaks" into a great discovery, albeit by the trustiest pair of eyes and the coolest head in Virginia; for the half had not yet been told to any person. We will get into his secret. We need go back but a couple of weeks.

It was toward evening of a day about the end of May, when our most practical hero carelessly trailed his rifle as he trudged wearily through the woods on the northwestern side, towards a branch whereat he could quench his thirst, his luck having been uncommonly bad that day, though he had started by the setting moon, and that without a bite, or a dodger in his pocket. The day was the first hot one of the season; and the heat of that part of it which he had spent low down the mountain had helped to weaken him. Before mounting the ridge which divided him from his cabin, with his accustomed caution he reclined a few moments on a cool mossy surface to recover his strength. Dipping his leathern cup into the cold, glittering water, Sandy grew meditative. He often had his fits of musing.

Thoughts familiar to him at such moments swept through that broad, square brow, as he now bent it upon his hard, freckled knuckles. Whether he was not one of those extraordinary men he had heard of, who were born to some great deed and never knew it till the time came; whether, if he was rich, there would be a lawful way to take Kitty at her word, and give her a farm and negroes of her own down in Northampton, where she was born, leaving him little Jenny; or whether, after all, his secret loneliness and his having such high notions were not a consequence of being a fool, without sense enough to know it;—such reflections as these came up to perplex the simple but powerful intellect of poor Sandy, in the same round as usual. And as he lighted his pipe he inwardly said, for the thousandth time, "One thing I know, and that is that this is a sad world to Sandy Bell." His eye caught a rock-crystal—a mineral familiar to him—but he had once been told by a man who could talk Latin, that the priceless diamonds of his sovereign, the King, and of all the great lords and ladies, were only a finer quality, ever since which he had cherished a vague hope that he might find such in plenty. This specimen, as he puffed his pipe, he saw to be much brighter than common. His hopes kindled. The profoundly solitary idea of a wonderful coming destiny is the secret superstition of musing boys and of latent-minded men. Sandy's sensations were strange and new. Altogether, he could not but recognize this little crystal as a sign.

But time was passing, and Sandy's good sense arose and dismissed all foolish notions. Refilling his pipe for the third time since he sat down, he started briskly up the mountain, diagonally crossing the streams. He felt uncommonly refreshed, and could not repress his imagination. He had cast away the crystal; but his fancy went back to it, and he found himself involuntarily looking sharply for diamonds.



He pushed on, however, careless of his way, until the sound of a crackling stick awakened the bear-hunter, and instantly put the diamond-seeker to flight. This recalled his attention to surrounding objects; and as he pushed on, nothing coming of the sound, he perceived, by the frowning wildness of unfamiliar rocks and by the extraordinary magnitude of the trees, that he was somewhat out of his intended way. But it was not for sober Sandy to rack his memory for landmarks on that mountain, and he pressed forward, not doubting he would soon meet familiar objects. But every step made the scene stranger. He was now descending a ravine; but it seemed so deep, dark, and rocky that he hesitated. His instinct of direction, however, demanded a crossing, and he judged a little risk better than a detour that might defer his much needed supper till after dark. In descending, he hardly knew how, he got down higher precipices than he was accustomed to trust himself to. The glen was fearfully deep, and as he reached a brink overhanging the bottom, he was startled by the tremendous cliffs and the gigantic timber. Sandy had never heard of the great California pines, and the trees he saw were such as he had not known grew in the world. From crags that towered perpendicularly above him, vast sheets of beautiful moss depended, swaying in a gentle, cool wind, here and there above, lighted by the setting sun; while out of sight below, darkly roared some mightier stream than had ever been discovered in this mountain. Sandy was surprised at his own calmness, and also at his own freedom from fatigue. One more scramble upon a high jutting rock, behind which he saw rising mist and glimpsed a segment of a rainbow, and he found himself facing a scene of bewildering grandeur. From beetling rocks and an obscure jumble of foliage, a limpid river rushed forth, and dashing from ledge to ledge disappeared under his feet in a bottomless

abyss of spray and whirling mist. Sandy had no notion of enchantment, and was forced to conclude that everyone else, like himself, had hitherto happened always to miss on the mountain one of the most remarkable places in the country. As he stood contemplating the cataract, what was his amazement to behold a gigantic being, in human form but of Titanic size, step down from crag to crag, scores of feet at a stride, pause a moment on the edge of the torrent, and then bound across, detaching huge stones and masses of *débris*, that tumbled into the foaming stream as he passed out of sight. If there was a nerve in Virginia, it strung the breast of Sandy Bell. But such a spectacle was enough to appall any reasonable being. Sandy was utterly confounded. Collecting himself, the first object that met his eye was a very small but bright crystal—the brightest he had ever seen. It lay almost in his hand, resting on a rock, and Sandy was certain he must have seen it had it been there when he came. It was a part of the marvel. He turned it over with thrilling emotions. As he held it, a glint of light struck it, dissolving itself into a thousand dazzling colors. It seemed to grow in size and alter in shape, as every turn in his hand made it show new hues—trembling, mingling, and shooting forth rays. Sandy's long head was getting turned. It was a real diamond—who could doubt?—and the biggest in the world! Bigger and brighter it grew! Suddenly dropping from his too eager hand, it flashed down the steep and sank in the yawning void below. It was gone! Was it a real thing? But he had felt it, and it was a hard stone; and as to its size, how could he tell, except that it was large, for he was so discomposed that nothing now seemed to have any particular size, as he gazed about, mechanically filling his pipe, determined to keep cool, with the last tobacco left in his pouch.

"God help a poor onlarnt man as I

am!" said Sandy, as he struck fire half involuntarily with his steel. His loud whisper only startled him the more. "I don't know which or whither, when such wonders happen to me." The last ray of sunshine now disappeared, and Sandy was horror-stricken to think of night in those woods. He instantly arose, emptied his pipe, clutched his gun, and hurried over the rocks. He was astonished at the agility with which he could scale, leap, and run, realizing for the first time in himself how terror lends wings. His localizing instinct was entirely at fault; but on the mountaineer's rule of sure ascent, "back the steepest in sight," he insured his way to the summit, though immensely increasing his labor and hazard. By degrees, however, the rocks diminished, the woods began to look natural; and Sandy, halting a moment for breath, recalled with astonishment the ascent he had made, shuddering to think of some of the crags he had successfully scaled, and wondering, from the apparently long time since he left the cataract, what could have been his long course. As he stood, he recognized not far off a peculiar double tree, by which he instantly knew himself to be under the very crown of the lofty Apple Orchard mountain, and within rifle range of its bald summit. It was now the last of twilight. A few agile steps brought Sandy to the natural field of green grass, with here and there a chestnut, oak, or birch tree, which, stunted by perpetual cold and storm into the shape of orchard trees, give a tame and homely designation to the grandest standpoint in Virginia. The cold blast on this summit assailed Sandy like a rebuke; and as he looked on the boundless world below, he rapidly reviewed the evening's experience. But all that we have described reasserted its verity before sky and landscape. Sandy knew his trusty senses. With a shudder, he did not further interrogate them, but struck for his cabin, miles distant, though by a familiar and easy

descent. His nerves had given way, for once in his life, little as he had felt his toil before now; and he reached his cabin exhausted, in a state of great agitation, with a brain-splitting headache besides. He said not a word, nor ate anything, until he waked from a long, deep sleep, the next day.

"I'll tree the game I've started; or ef I'm a fool, I'll keep it to myself," was the shape in which Sandy saw the situation, when, some days later, with all his faculties in order, he considered what to do with his discovery. Never rash, he deliberated long. The elements of his decision, when he made it—and its execution thereupon became a moral necessity to Sandy—were about these: 1. He was a peculiar person, else so strange an event would never have happened to him. He had heard of marvels happening to common men, but he did not believe the marvels. 2. As a peculiar person, there was no more wonder that he should experience such things than that common persons should experience common things. Wonderful destinies argue wonderful events. 3. What he must do about it, depended on what he was yet to discover about it. The first thing was to get the help of others in further investigation.

Belief without evidence was not Sandy's habit. But the quantity of diamonds to be found at the foot of that cataract, and that if he shrank at no peril he was the chosen man to possess them, were matters of implicit verity in Sandy's mind. "It must be so of its ainsel", else how could the notion get fixed in my noggin without a showin' for it?" Hegel could not have squared the thing better. Sandy kept his own counsel, carefully planned his expedition, organized his corps, and met with the great disappointment in which he has already had our sympathy.

When, on the evening of that disappointment, Sandy's astonished guests had passed from his angry sight, as he stood in his cabin door, a sense of the

great extravagance he had committed was not dulled in his breast by the timely reflection that it was his first known ebullition of rage. Upon the bitter hypothesis of his lunacy, he knew no fact could be more unanswerably significant. "Ef they knowed what I know, they 'd see the de'il himself could nae stand it without a boost at something!" He thought it all over and over; and view it as he might, there was but one way promised to restore the standing which had brought him the palm as the "soldest man of the Peaks:" he must find the cataract again, and lead others where their own eyes could see it. Besides, he was not unmindful of the diamonds. His resolution was taken. Day after day he silently set out at daybreak, but returned at night, seldom with any game. Meanwhile, the depth and breadth of the difficulty began to develop. He was shunned by his old friends as a dangerous monomaniac, treated by all as incompetent to reason, and by his own wife, and at his own fireside, humored like an idiot or threatened like a dog. When thus despised, the wild beast more than once arose in a man toward whom obedience had been the last thing necessary to exact, and the first thing habit had taught him to expect from all who either owed him reverence or consulted for his advice. But when a wife whose selfish folly for life was the punishment of his mistake of a day—the day he married her—and whose malice had never before reached higher than to cause him secret irritation, now contemptuously derided him as "a crazy fool," the prudence which rigidly restrained him, planted its lever where his heart was the inevitable fulcrum, and was bruised in the effort of docility. Time made the matter worse and worse. To the shameful humiliations practiced on him by Kitty, the yet deeper suffering was added of his only child, his darling Jenny, shrinking with inculcated terror from his touch of affection. Neighbors refused to confer

with him on important interests. Acts he had been performing and expressions using all his life, were now noticed as new and conclusive proofs of insanity. His domestic distresses, his isolation from society, and the look of hesitation, the tone of bitterness and the air of doggedness with which he reluctantly spoke, were regarded as new and indubitable evidences of his intellectual ruin.

Thus passed years. Age seemed far off when Sandy, full of high hopes, yet agitated by strange doubts, led his chosen four over the ridge that bright June morning to show them his great discovery. His gritty frame was then at its best, and forty-five was young. Ten more years had now told their disastrous story. Repeated and elaborate explorations, planned with skill and executed with dauntless zeal in solitude, but with uniform failure, compelled Sandy, during long intervals, to give up the quest of the mysterious cataract. But under general contempt, he had grown cynical, and inwardly vowed never to admit he was mistaken. But he had his occasions when a faint hope would revive, and almost without the consent of his judgment, he would steal off to one of the least familiar regions, seeking the plunging cascade, the tremendous moss-hung crags, and the colossal trees. But the burden of his lonely mystery never lightened.

At length, Sandy was altered. His tenacious spirit, wearing down to a thread, at last broke. His clear head grew muddled, and his gray locks, rheumatic gait and bent form bespoke a wasted man. The physical vigor that once hid inward humiliation was gone, and the appeal for pity that mutely looked from his countenance was there without the old man's knowledge, and in spite of his caution. That this child of nature took to whiskey, may be presumed on the simple fact that it was in reach. The idlers at Goode's store, where he was accustomed to supply himself, in exchange for hunters' peltry, with drink, tobacco

and ammunition, frequently found means to awaken in the fallen man, on the subject of his delusion, a drivelling garrulity foreign to his nature. Mere habit in a perishing mind often takes the place of hopes that have sunk forever. It was the practice of the young hunters to persuade poor Sandy that they had just seen in the Peaks—now here, now there—indications of the big cataract, for the sport it would give them to see the fading eye rekindle and the nerveless features brace up afresh, as Sandy would exclaim, "'Tis thar, lads—I kenne'd it mysel'!" And this was the once "soldest man in the Peaks!" The last reflection that ran its round in Sandy's mind was that the senses were false, and that what seems truest is most incredible.

But there was a single fact, a knowledge of which would have left us no subject for this story. A vial of medicine, in the heedless hand of Kitty, had been spilt on a few leaves of tobacco the very day before Sober Sandy saw, with susceptibilities un-

consciously intoxicated, one of the numberless streamy glens of the Peak Range, and a man in the act of crossing it, all magnified into Brobdingnagian enormity! The vial had contained a powerful extract, distilled, after the Indian method, from the flowers of hemp, formerly in use in the tidewater region of Virginia, where Kitty was raised, as a lotion by those afflicted with the disease called white swelling.

One day a hunter descending Rich mountain, one of the northwesterly spurs of the Peak Range, was thinking about the French and Indians coming, having just heard of Braddock's defeat at the forks of the Ohio beyond the Alleghanies, when he heard a groan. He soon found the poor vagabond who had once been the foremost man of the settlement. His fall from a cliff, at the foot of which he lay, with his gun, had made him but a mangled heap. A quantity of blood, with the hunter's aid, was cleaned from his mouth, when Sandy, in broken accents, eked out his last words: "'Tis thar, lads—I kenne'd it mysel'!"

*John M. Binckley.*

#### CHRISTMAS ODE.

**B**LEST day of all the calendar!

Unto our truth - inspired ken  
Thou risest now as fair as when  
First rose o'er Bethlehem the star  
That lit the Judean hills afar,  
While angels sang "Good will to men!"

O hallowed day! to thee allied  
Is all that most this life endears,  
Of faith and hope—of doubt and tears,  
And love of One for love that died,  
Yet lives again, and glorified  
In thee, through twice a thousand years!

O'er leagues of snow-enmantled earth  
Thy merry bells are ringing clear ;  
Thrice welcome hour, though bleak and drear,  
And harbinger of storm and dearth ;  
In loving smiles and glowing hearth  
Thou bringest more than summer cheer.

To-day shall Absence and Regret  
Their iron sceptre yield to you ;  
For friends to old affection true  
Across the stormy years have met,  
And eyes with joy's suffusion wet  
Drink light from kindred eyes anew.

To-day the sire that feebly bows  
Shall flush with seeming youth the while ;  
And careless girlhood's happy smile  
Re-light its glow on matron's brows ;  
While blissful dreams and loving vows  
Shall many a maiden care beguile.

To-day shall grief, in anguish prone,  
From pain a respite gladly win ;  
And he who owns no bosom-kin,  
Who threads Time's wintry maze alone,  
Shall start at oft-endearing tone —  
Brief murmur from the life within ;

And musing sad, his heart shall lean  
To olden memories, hope-embossed ;  
The latest loved, the early lost,  
Perchance are with him, all unseen,  
From Paradise of summer green,  
To soothe his spirit, tempest-tossed ;

Or on his deeply-visioned eye  
Rise fairest forms we may not see —  
Loom other landscapes, blooming free ;  
As, with a trust that may not die,  
He ponders long each sundered tie,  
Or bond more beautiful to be.

*B. Hathaway.*

## THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

A R T.

TWO institutions which, in times past, have divided the honors of cultivating the public taste in æsthetic matters, are the Opera House Art Gallery and the Chicago Academy of Design. The former, under the experienced supervision and direction of Mr. James F. Aitken, possessed more largely the elements of popularity, and in just the ratio of its success in this direction served also a valuable purpose as an educator of the masses. The latter was more strictly an educational institution, controlled by an association comprising a majority of our leading artists, where the *technique* of the arts of painting and design might be taught; although, but a short time previous to the fire, a fine gallery had been thrown open to the public.

Hence, the Opera House gallery appropriately supplemented and complemented the Academy of Design; the latter taught the first principles, the former illustrated them; the one helped those who would become picture-makers, the other afforded refined gratification for picture-lovers.

When the artist of majestic diabolism, with a blazing torch for his brush, and a palette filled with Plutonian pigments, swept earth and air and sky, and in master lines of dread grandeur and horrid sublimity, obliterated, and forever, the fair scenes of long accustomed ways and places, the Gallery and the Academy suddenly slipped from cherished actualities into pleasant memories, and, let us hope, into no less valuable experiences.

In the case of Mr. Aitken and his gallery, this hope is already realized. He did not wait to mourn over the past, but proceeded promptly to hold his well-earned place, with a heroic pluck worthy a better reward than art enterprises are wont to receive; and the results of his labors are embodied in the nucleus of a creditable col-

lection of paintings, in oil and water, at a somewhat limited, but very neat and cozy, gallery, on State street. If, however, his powers are somewhat contracted at present, he has already arranged for a prospectively near escape from this pent-up Utica, to a place where he can revive the prestige of past successes, adding to these new triumphs in the name of Art. The location selected is on the corner of Michigan avenue and Van Buren street, where he has taken a four years' lease of the second and third floors, in a new building, now nearly completed, owned by a company, of which Mr. Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, is a member.

Heretofore Mr. Aitken has had the willing coöperation of a large number of prominent citizens, and at the time of the fire his gallery had 1165 annual members. Deeming it desirable to divide the responsibility with such gentlemen as feel an interest in the art future of Chicago, he has already completed necessary preliminaries, and an act of incorporation has been asked, for the "Chicago Fine Art Institute and Art Gallery," the names of the incorporators including several of most substantial reputation and resources. Its stated objects are "the advancement of the fine arts, the combining of the æsthetical with the social, and the building up of an institution commensurate with the present growth of our city, and one that will keep pace with its future."

The methods by which the attainment of these ends will be sought, are somewhat original, and extensive in scope. Its officers include a president, vice-president, treasurer, manager, master of arts, secretary, and board of directors. Its plan embraces free schools for rudimentary instruction, and more advanced classes from which a small tuition fee will be required;



an art library and reading room, which shall contain standard works in all languages, and the current literature of art of all nations; an exhibition gallery containing representative examples of European and American artists; and private views of prominent new works, semi-annual receptions, and an important annual event in the form of a grand assembly reception. The reputation, experience, and energy of the projector give promise that in the inauguration of the Art Institute, early next spring, birth will be given to an important factor in the problem that shall solve the future standing, as an art centre, of the northwestern metropolis.

One reason, and a valid one, which prompted Mr. Aitken to the step he has taken, was the painful lack of vitality manifested by the Academy of Design. It is no matter of wonder that, after having struggled against innumerable opposing elements, and having but really begun to live a brief time anterior to the fire, the artists who composed it should feel discouraged and disheartened; nor that many of them, with the lugubrious outlook which immediately followed, should have hastened to other and more promising fields. A shrewd policy, which unfortunately is not characteristic of artists as a class, would have suggested an immediate appeal in behalf of a future Academy, and would, doubtless, have received a prompt and generous response. But no such appeal was made, and the affairs of the institution have dragged along until even its best friends give evidence to a feeling of distrust and discon-

tent. Even now, if the Academicians would come out and squarely state to the public their condition and needs, they would, unquestionably, be the gainers thereby. At the annual meeting, recently held, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year: Mr. Ford, President; J. W. Dodge, Vice-President; Charles Peck, Recording Secretary; John Phillips, C. F. Schwerdt, J. C. Cochran, B. F. Bigelow, and F. M. Pebbles, Councilmen; Geo. C. Walker, Wm. E. Doggett, S. M. Nickerson, Potter Palmer, Wm. B. Howard, N. K. Fairbank, Mark Skinner, Franklin MacVeagh, Henry W. King, and L. Z. Leiter, Board of Trustees.

A recent auction sale of paintings, comprising the private collection of H. A. Elkins, artist, realized about \$3,000 for about seventy-five examples from prominent foreign and domestic artists, a majority of the works being from the *atelier* of Mr. Elkins himself.

Among the more important works which have been recently completed by Chicago artists is a large canvas containing Elkins' embodiment of Mount Shasta, California, and the careful result of many months of labor; a portrait of Rubinstein, by Phillips, done from two sittings, which has happily caught the rugged strength of features displayed in the face of the grandest living pianist; and a marble bust of a child, by Conkey, which combines the fine qualities of correct likeness, purity of modelling, and exquisite delicacy of expression.

## MUSIC.

THE testimony of most *impressarios* and musical managers is, that Chicago yields only to New York and Boston in its generous encouragement and appreciation of music. The magnificent success of the great operatic and concert troupes that have visited us, has certainly been one trusty element of proof. But it must not

be taken for more than it is worth. It does not require much culture to enable a lady to listen for two or three hours to an opera or fine concert programme. If she is bored by the performance, she has delightful occupation in roving about the audience with her eyes, and coquetting with her lorgnette. As it is *en regle*, especially

on operatic nights, to appear in full evening toilet, the average woman of society has enough pleasant amusement in criticising her neighbors' attire, speculating as to questions of caste, and displaying her own gorgeous raiment. Besides, it is the fashion to go to operas and operatic concerts; and with what member of the fair and frail sex in the sphere of the upper-tendom is not this a most potent argument? Mrs. Brown, who does not know the difference between "Old Hundred" and "O Luce di Quest Anima," or any other threadbare aria, feels humiliated unless she is able to answer Mrs. Smith's questions as to her impressions of the last *diva*. So there are many other considerations, besides that of a love of music, that touch the question of the average musical patronage. During Theodore Thomas's first visit to our city, his grand orchestra poured forth their harmony to nearly empty benches. On his return, it commenced to be regarded as *the* thing to attend his concerts, though it were necessary to suffer terrible *ennui* under the operation. Thenceforward the great conductor put money in his purse, not because his music was any the better appreciated, but because fashion dictated that he should be popular.

Yet, let us not be unjust. It is only fair to believe that a latent love of music was stirred up in numerous cases, through the inspiring power of sweet sounds so wonderfully combined and modulated; and that many who first attended these orchestral concerts because it was fashionable, learned to go afterwards for the music itself. Had it not been for some such sub-soiling process of culture in advance, the late Rubinstein concerts, we fear, would have been a great pecuniary failure, instead of a tolerable success, in our midst. The orchestra, under the *baton* of even an ordinary leader, gives us peculiar chromatic effects, suggestive sweeps of light and shade, stirring contrasts of sound by different combinations of instruments, that sway the imagination aside from the direct meaning of the music. The piano, on the other hand, though the most effective of single instruments, is ordinarily apt to suggest sounds wooden, mechanical, even tinklish, as we hear it ordinarily touched.

There are none of the grand accessories, which exist for the orchestra or even the organ, to make music picturesque and lend it dignity and variety. Only the hand of the consummate master can relieve it from the unpleasant associations of every-day life, and make us forget the implacable poundings wreaked on the harmless wooden box by the average young lady of the day.

Under the touch of Anton Rubinstein, the piano becomes an instrument of boundless magic, into which his soul flows through his finger-tips. Those pigments of speech which we call adjectives, could be sorely taxed, if one's enthusiasm were allowed to conflict with the rules of rhetoric, in attempting to paint the musical effects produced by this "Russian bear," as the great pianist jocosely called himself in the presence of the writer. Gottschalk and Thalberg have hitherto been our most popular ideals in the sphere of piano music. The former, with his brilliant *technique* and romantic ornamentation of his themes, the latter, with his mastery over the element of melody in music, and his exquisite finish — both these filled limited spheres, and filled them admirably. But above them, rising as abruptly as the Matterhorn, rises the imperial splendor of Rubinstein above his predecessors. A brief sketch of his life will, perhaps, prove interesting to the musical readers of THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY. Born in Russian Bessarabia in 1830, he showed a remarkable musical taste at the age of four, and at the age of ten commenced to compose. He attracted the attention of prominent musicians, and in 1840 was taken to Paris, which was then crowded with the great lights of the musical art. A concert was arranged for him, at the conclusion of which, Liszt clasped him in his arms, and pronounced that he would be his heir in art. After eighteen months of arduous study in Paris, he went to London on his first professional journey, and attracted much admiration, Mendelssohn himself being a frequent listener to his performances. From England he proceeded to Holland, Sweden, and Germany, meeting everywhere a most enthusiastic reception. In 1844, Rubinstein moved, with his parents, from Russia to Berlin,

where he placed himself under the instruction of Dehn, the most celebrated contrapuntist of the day. He became intimate with Meyerbeer, then in Berlin; and the music he then composed, mostly sonatas and songs, showed the coloring palpably of that great man's influence, though there was a manifest current of defiant originality running through them. Up to the time of his departure for Russia in 1852, he devoted himself to teaching, composing, and concert-giving. It was during this period that he wrote the six songs with Laemstein's words, the charming Persian songs, and several of his most powerful sonatas. The next great event of his life was the founding of the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, which he afterwards united with a special institution for orchestral rehearsals. At St. Petersburg he reproduced the great classical works, and at intervals his own compositions; among them being the opera of "The Siberian Hunters," the Ocean Symphony (the andante of which was recently interpreted here by the Thomas Orchestra), and several of his most brilliant duos for violin and piano, and string quartets. His oratorio of "Paradise Lost," and the operas of the "Children of the Heath" and "Feramors," the libretto of the latter being taken from "Lalla Rookh," rapidly followed. Of his symphonies, "Faust," "Ivan the Terrible," and "The Ocean" (one of the most magnificent compositions since Beethoven), stand foremost. The sacred drama, "The Tower of Babel," is regarded by German critics as one of the greatest of dramatic compositions, being full of grand harmony, manifesting itself against a background of baffling, confusing sound. In 1870, Rubinstein was appointed director in Vienna, a position which he still holds. He seems, as a musical mind, to unite the Oriental warmth and gorgeousness of imagination, that testify how nearly the Slavonic nature clings to its Asiatic traditions, with the severe science and self-control of Europe. An exponent of the school of the future, which includes such great musical names as Weber, Schumann, Schubert, Liszt, and Wagner, he has a splendor and originality of style peculiarly his own. The massiveness of his tone proves that he has long since graduated

from the *sturm und drang* period of growth, whose chaotic conditions still more or less envelop the conceptions of his two great rivals in the tone-world. Judging Rubinstein by those of his works which we have already heard, and the somewhat elaborate essays on the subject of the German analysts, there can be but little doubt that the spirit of his genius is, as becomes his birth, intensely Slavonic. His thoughts show a strong passion for vivid light and shade, and a wonderful mastery over the domain of discords as a source of musical power, which was the origin of many of Beethoven's most powerful and characteristic effects. Weber laid the foundation of the "school of the future" by building his conceptions up from the folk-songs of Germany. Rubinstein seems to be no less effective in using the Slavonic folk-songs, with many of which we have been made acquainted in concert, as the themes out of which he builds his massive and noble harmonies. His music, though severe and classical in structure, thus beats with the power and passion of the popular heart, and gets a dramatic intensity which would be impossible, were it not so closely allied to the national life of his people. Rumor says that we may have the pleasure of hearing Rubinstein direct the interpretation of some of his own greatest works before the close of the winter. If so, the Chicago public will have the opportunity to judge of the characteristics of the great Russian as a composer.

But it is with Rubinstein as a pianist that we have now to deal. To Moschelles and Liszt we are indebted for that school of playing which aims to make a grand orchestra of the instrument, and to combine all the forms of musical effect. To such an aim there must be a limit, and the passionate, stormy turbulence which characterized these masters, is its own best commentary. Rubinstein has much of this superb orchestral control of the resources of the piano, with all of the classic finish and purity that characterized the musical style of Thalberg and Chopin. The first appearance of the great player, of whom Liszt alone is regarded as a living rival, with his grand, massive, almost stern face, was characteristic of the man; for he received the

rapturous welcome of his audience with a cold, indifferent bow. The first touch of his virile, subduing, yet light hand, bespoke the master. The wild and brilliant measure of the Egmont overture had not long been peeling from under his fingers, before it was evident that the depth and clearness of his conception was to ordinary interpretation as the chiselled statue is to the marble block with its uncut possibilities. Yet all the while, it was clear that the player had ceased to think of himself and aimed alone to translate his subject, though his own strenuous personality set a peculiar stamp on his reading. The grand meaning of Beethoven was filtered through a medium hardly less creative, and the touch of genius was made the live coal for the burnt offering laid on the great master's shrine. The same wonderful sympathy was afterwards displayed in the rendition of the "Moonlight" and the "Kreutzer" sonatas (the latter a duet with the violin). It is difficult to imagine that Beethoven himself could have more perfectly interpreted his own meaning. The performances, however, that most effectively displayed Rubinstein's gigantic power of execution, were Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and "Carnival." Both these compositions are among the most intricate elaborations of the composer, and bristle with technical difficulties that have daunted even the finest concert performers. But to enter into anything like an analysis of his leading interpretations is unnecessary, as so much has been said on the subject in the daily papers. Yet as illustrations of his amazing execution, it would not be proper to overlook a few of the numbers in which his skill was the most palpably shown. Foremost among these was the "Turkish March" of Beethoven, in which the grandest of *crescendos* and *diminuendos* alternately astonished the ears of the audience. In the latter effect, especially, it is difficult to conceive how human fingers can so perfectly graduate the effects of sound slowly dying away in the distance. The *diminuendo* in Schumann's "Traumerei," can only be compared to it as played by the strings. In the latter case, it can be understood how the effects are produced with the violins "muted," and the peculiar

touch given by the bow. But on the piano such effects are simply wonderful, and testify to an absolute control of muscular action, more like that of a perfect machine than of a human hand. The "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was another example, though of a different kind, of the player's mastery of the instrument. It was given with a jubilant, thundering grandeur equal to that of twenty pianos ordinarily played in unison. The volume of sound fairly filled the theatre, till the brains of the audience reeled with a sympathetic thrill of ecstasy at the flood-tide of joy that made the air beat like a pulse. In Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Erl King" Rubinstein exhibited a different phase of his power. He created a series of startling dramatic pictures in music, that held the imagination with a spell, and this in the face of enormous difficulties in the execution, which would seem sufficient to make the player content with simple mechanical precision. The mere labor of playing many of his numbers would be sufficient to exhaust ninety-nine out of a hundred strong men. Yet every note is played with the most finished nicety and discrimination; every *staccato* is clean and sharply cut, every trill as liquid and resonant as the tinkle of falling water. And behind these unequalled mechanical powers lie the taste, the creative power, the fiery imagination of the man of genius, that breathe living warmth and passion into every combination, however complicated. The man is, altogether, a phenomenon, such as Europe, prolific in great artists, has never before sent to America. The lesson of his visit should be alike a reproach, a stimulus, and an ideal to our own musical artists. In his utter disdain of all the commonplace trickeries, the charlatanry of most pianists, he serves as a model that should not be despised. His devotion to his art is profound, and everything else is subordinated to the one purpose. His enthusiasm shines palpably in every movement, but it is with the chastened, concentrated power of the star, set far above all personal and mundane conditions; not with the fierce irregular glow of the torch, flickering with every breath of vanity and self-interest. It is in this supreme isolation of the artist above the man,

his massive purpose lifted like a mountain-crest above the domain of the clouds, that his imperial moral claim on our admiration comes home to all lovers of music.

It is in the mission of such a man as Rubinstein that we recognize the true agent of art reform. A profound earnestness, sense of self-consecration, is the broad rock on which art-greatness alone can be built. The dilettante spirit has always, in more or less degree, depreciated the value of the principal popular favorites as exponents of the musical life. Spoiled by the cravings for mere honor and satisfied with the intoxicating applause which is too apt to follow most lavishly what is florid, sensuous, bizarre, or *rococo* in music, even genius has been content to linger in the "primrose paths of dalliance," and not strive for the mountain heights. The example of a life so heroic in its simple devotion to the highest aims of art, so austere in its denial of everything that could gratify the merely personal, stands as a shining landmark. Rubinstein the artist promises not only to stir up musical thought in America by the exhibition of his powers as a thinker and player, but to exercise a still nobler example by the moral beauty and power of his art-life.

In Wieniawski, the violinist of the troupe, the Chicago public had the opportunity of hearing an artist no less admirable in many respects than Rubinstein. It may be that he created an equally profound impression in the fact that the public did not expect so much in the case of the violinist as in that of the pianist. Wieniawski for many years has been regarded in Europe as the peer of Joachim. Many European critics, indeed, have been inclined to ascribe to him the legitimate possession of Paganini's mantle. Yet his fame has not been widely diffused in America, and in these Transatlantic provinces (at least in the art sense). Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps have measured for us the highest standard of excellence. We do not hesitate to avow, without the fear of contradiction on the part of the musical public, that in Wieniawski we have heard the most consummate player who has ever visited America. His *technique* is something marvellous, showing an absolute command over the resources of the instrument, if it be correct to say that any man can ex-

haust the possibilities of such an instrument as the violin. From the resonant, sparkling brilliance of the *staccati*, that seem to be struck from the strings like sparks of fire, to the exquisite *cantabile* sweetness of his *sostenuto* tones, the quality of the sound he produces is incomparable. In playing the harmonics, thirds, sevenths, even full chords; in his *pizzicati* and *arpeggi*; the brilliant combinations of *col arco* effects with complicated double stopping; in his prodigious shiftings of the bow and perfect transition from one style to another without any break, he seems to have reached almost the limit of skill. It is not necessary to recall at this time his treatment of special pieces. Suffice it to say that his execution has been equally a delight and surprise. He perhaps lacks the poetic dreaminess that characterizes Ole Bull in some of his improvisations; he may not have the exquisite finish and fidelity of Vieuxtemps. But his execution is so bold, so kaleidoscopic in the coloring of his theme; so varied, yet so certain in its processes; so subtle in the shading of its touch; and withal interpenetrated with such warmth and magnetism, that the general verdict, both of musicians and the public, can hardly fail to give him the first place. Mr. Wieniawski performed quite an extensive *repertoire*, and illustrated different styles of musical treatment during the season, and at no time did he fall short of being the consummate master.

Of the vocal element of the entertainment, it needs but to say that it was not worthy of the troupe. But we cannot expect that all should be great in such organizations. The public would get more than their money's worth, if they were obliged to pay double the admission fee, in the performance of such great artists as Rubinstein and Wieniawski.

Aside from this troupe, the month has given us little of musical interest. There has been the usual deluge of amateur concerts, and private *musicales*, which for the most part have a value solely as sensible forms of social gathering, but no art-merit. The Apollo Musical Club is making excellent progress, and there is good reason for believing that they will astonish the public when their first concert is given—an event which is not a great way off.

## THE DRAMA.

THE month of December, up to the time of writing, has been signalized by several histrionic events, and promises, ere its close, to give the public several still more remarkable. The patronage of the drama has not been such as there was good reason to expect. This cannot be altogether ascribed to that draining of the popular purse that comes of a tight money market, and the severe tax on our citizens resulting from the operations of reconstruction. A very large share of the amusement-seekers are those that receive, not those that pay, salaries. Certainly, the former class have rarely been in condition to seek amusements with less pricking of the conscience, on the score of economy, than during the present fall and winter. It cannot be said that theatrical patronage has been bad, absolutely considered. But, with three superb new theatres and unusual attractions promised, there was a disposition to prophecy a magnificent season, which, assuredly, so far, has not been the case.

To Mr. McKiver, as the oldest and most widely known of our amusement managers, is due the compliment of heading our dramatic review of the month. He has certainly fulfilled his promise of mounting his pieces with a uniform excellence never seen in Chicago before. The properties, costumes, scenery have all been of the first order of excellence. Mr. McKiver has shown conscientious fidelity in producing the drama thus far, which merits the most sincere thanks of play-goers. This is not the place to enter into any examination of the merits of his company, in a general sense, since they have already been playing several months in our midst. He has several excellent actors in his company, and a number of execrable ones. But as it is the fault of most stock companies, even in New York, to be decidedly weak-kneed, and managers have become accustomed to depend far more on the attraction of stars than on the stock support, we will not linger, at present, on this ungrateful subject, though it is fruitful in thoughts that affect the deepest interests of the drama.

The engagement of Miss Jane Coombs

has proven quite successful in its pecuniary results, though we cannot say as much for its artistic features. Miss Coombs is a lady of considerable personal beauty and sprightliness of manner, but she is not a great actress, and never will be one, in spite of the deluge of newspaper puffery with which she has been beslobbered by gushing critics. Miss Coombs is too well satisfied with herself to be a true artist. Self-conceit oozes out at all her intellectual pores. Her faults of manner are quite startling. Her conception of characters has but little of individuality, so far as we have seen. This was specially noticeable in her "Lady Teazle." The part was a triumph of millinery, and the lady made a gorgeous lay-figure to advertise elegant costumes. But the idea of the character was intensely hackneyed and stogy, the lines delivered in a monotonous singing tone, more like that of a Catholic priest intoning the liturgy, than what we should expect from the representative of the gay, sparkling woman of the world. The same faults prevailed largely in "Lady Gay Spanker," though the fox-hunting description was given with an animation, fire, and freshness, that almost suggested a doubt as to whether there was not some magnificent material misused in this actress. The support of the company, with the exception of Messrs. O'Neil and Lanigan, and Mrs. Myers, who cannot act badly if she tries, has been very unsatisfactory. The mounting of those plays has been exceptionally fine, being really the saving element of the performance.

The inauguration of the comedy season at Hooley's elegant theatre, with an excellent stock company, has been one of the notable features of the month. It is reasonable to hope that Chicago can support at least one stock company, if it be organized of good material and the management have the tact and enterprise to present a succession of fresh and attractive plays. The Hooley organization presents such local favorites as John Dillon, whose comic genius has but few rivals, and Messrs. Padgett and Blaisdell, long known in our midst as actors of sterling merit. Both the latter



named gentlemen have an interest in the management, and will add much to the strength of the organization by their active control of matters. The other members of the troupe have been selected with good judgment for the most part, though the lateness of the season precluded the possibility of obtaining those gentlemen and ladies who, during the next season, we are assured will give lustre to the performances. The dramas of "Partners for Life," by Henry J. Byron, and "Fun," by Mrs. Martha Lafitte Johnson, of Philadelphia, both of them new, were superbly mounted and effectually cast, though there were dark spots on the excellence of the *ensemble*. A monthly magazine is not the place to enter into any detailed criticism, and we can simply congratulate Mr. Hooley and his associates in trying so hazardous but useful an experiment, and express gratification that it is so promising of success in the future.

In the appearance of Mr. Lawrence Barrett at Aiken's, we have had an opportunity of witnessing the performance of an actor who is unquestionably among, if not the chief of, the brilliant rising lights of the American stage. Since his last visit to Chicago, Mr. Barrett has added several leaves to his chaplet, and gained a wide recognition, not only for his finished art, but something that savors of genuine creative genius. In the part of "Cassius," in Julius Caesar, a *rôle* which hitherto had been ranked as secondary in importance, Mr. Barrett has succeeded in evolving a great and unique personation that stands out with startling distinctness and force, pregnant with a grand meaning, and burning with the fire of genius. In spite of the bright lights shed by Booth and Cresswick, in the other *rôles*, Mr. Barrett bore off the lion's share of glory. In the "Man O' Airie," also, Mr. Barrett developed the same intense and stirring power. Up to the date of going to press, Mr. Barrett has only given the Chicago public a taste of his

quality in "Hamlet" and "Iago." In both these personations he displayed a virile power, a certain, strong, nervous humanity, widely at variance with our popular ideals of these *rôles*. *A propos* of this gentleman's style as an artist, we cannot pass over the prominence he gives *action* as an element in acting. Words are valuable in an impersonation, as giving us the outlines of the character and the story. All the coloring, passion, warmth, effects of light and shade, come from gesture, by-play, facial mobility. The school of acting has had its day that laid chief stress on fine elocution and statuesque *poses*. That canon of the French school, which dictates that the actor shall never be at rest, but always engaged in illustrating the conception, is the true law of histrionic power. We believe that Mr. Barrett is, to some extent, an exponent of this school, and are delighted to welcome so scholarly and accomplished an ally to the ranks of the reformers of the stage.

This brief dramatic record would be imperfect without some allusion to the death of Edwin Forrest, who, with all his faults, was without question the grandest genius among American actors. He had grown up with the history of the American stage, and been identified with all the phases of its progress, and was one of the last remaining links to connect the past with the present. In spite of the too great energy of many of his impersonations, there was a towering grandeur and dignity in many of his conceptions, unparalleled, not only in our own histrionic record, but among the greatest in the history of the English stage. His Virginius, Jack Cade, Coriolanus, Richelieu, King Lear, and Othello will stand isolated in stage tradition. Mr. Forrest's influence on the American stage has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries, and he will always be remembered with reverence by the profession, as one whose towering genius more than palliated his many and startling faults.

## BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

THIRTY YEARS IN THE HAREM; or, the Autobiography of Melek - Hanum, Wife of H. H. Kibrizli - Mehemet - Pasha. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

We cannot say that this Oriental lady inspires us with the highest respect; and yet her book has deeply interested us. It is about as Boswellian a performance as we have lately seen, and combines the advantages of a fine moral disgust with the author and a confidence in the intimate veracity of the story. So fascinating a picture of Eastern life has rarely been painted, and the point of view (the feminine domestic) opens to us just that prospect over the field of human life in Turk - land which is most desired and least often obtained.

Madame Mehemet - Pasha is certainly a strong woman; but she lacks, as do most women of her strength, a kind of instinct, or moral discernment that we Western heathens associate with her sex.

She began her career, being then a Greek girl, in Constantinople, by eloping with an English doctor at the ripe age of thirteen. At eighteen her doctor, twenty years older, had tired of her and packed her and her two children off to Italy, to his mother, who proves to be something between an adventuress and a lady. The mother - in - law deprives our author of her children in Rome, and her husband gets a divorce in Constantinople.

She flies to Paris in a sort of rage that we can imagine but faintly until we have seen an Eastern woman in a passion. But her grief takes suggestion as a cat laps milk; for she falls in love with nearly the first Turk she meets: and this Turk is Mehemet - Pasha, to whom she is soon married.

By this time, our little lady of nineteen has won our confidence by frank confessions, bad English, and what the French call *savoir - faire*. She makes matches,

overturns plots, takes and gives bribes, and, for a time — after she gets under sail — carries her husband along with herself on the road to glory. From utter disgrace, she lifts him to the governorship of Jerusalem, and there, in a short time, makes eighty thousand dollars by taking bribes.

It was in this fashion: The government had a fit of reform, and ordered the governors to take no more bribes. So the wives of these pale reflections of majesty took presents.

At Jerusalem, some priests had piled up an Augean stable full of dirt behind their buildings. An order to remove it in one day was hinted. This was impossible. Madame, for a present, soothed the filth - removing propensity of her lord. A judge had behaved badly (we know how that is ourselves — in New York) and the judge's wife and Madame sweetly adjusted it by "a magnificent present, worth forty thousand francs." It is refreshing to learn that "all this took place unknown to the governor." Madame says that past reverses had taught her to make hay in sunshine.

But we must not spoil the pleasure of full reading.

Just how dirty and dishonest public life can become while preserving a fair outside, and to what lengths rapacity and treachery can go without using a sword or pistol, one may learn in this book. If we could "sense it," it might make us shudder at political possibilities at home, under the sovereignty of favoritism.

The view of social life is even more interesting. Madame made a match for a masculine friend, after she had made two for herself. The way of it was this: She called on her lady friends who had marriageable girls. At the door, they asked:

"What do you want, Madame?" She answered: "I wish to see your young lady."

The young lady is produced, examined, inventoried, a full list of her possessions

made orally—a little too full for the truth; it was a kind of jockey business—and Madame went on to the next place. At night, she reported the stock in market to her friend. For some time he refused to be suited. At last she took the responsibility and bound him to a bargain with a girl having red hair. Now it happened that red hair was an abomination to him; but in the East that is easily managed. The hair was dyed black, before he saw the wearer, and improved her appearance. It is pleasant to know that the pair thus brought together stuck to each other, and that the happy Turk did not even take an additional wife. This proves, we suppose, that a spice of duplicity in matrimony—where is it wanting?—rather lessens the business of divorce courts.

As we expected, Madame lost her second husband before her high ambition was full, and much of the pathos of her story grows out of her view of their quarrels about the loot picked up in Jerusalem and Belgrade.

From this time her story leads through nearly all the crooked paths of Oriental life, and gives her occasion to tell us something about nearly every subject of interest in life beyond the Mediterranean. Consul Butler's gains, vagaries, and ways that are dark, are more than matched in consular details; and neat assassinations are neatly told; while slave-life and brigandage, political plots and judicial wonders, family life and conjugal habits, are set forth with a simplicity and freshness quite out of the common order of reporting.

**LITTLE FOLK LIFE.** By Gail Hamilton, author of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness." New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Abigail Dodge, spinster—if it is still so that she writes it—is too well known to need introduction. She has, for some time, made the elders laugh and cry, and shaken them up generally; it is a kind of relief to know that she has gone into the nursery. And, indeed, she seems at home there; and her little story is moral, without saying so, and of good flavor, without pretense of any sort.

One cannot be wise on all subjects; and Gail errs now and then—as other elect women do—by too implicit a reliance on her demiscope. "The Two Compositions" remind us of a sweet girl who tells all about methods of education in thirty minutes, setting right the Porters and Hadleys and Boises in just ten minutes by the clock.

But we must please the small people, and they must be hard to please if they are still unhappy after all that the types have done for them. What a long way off we seem from the days when a primer and Webster's spelling book—not unabridged—made the sole type-consolation of the young ones—and had not much consolation in them at that!

If these books were wiser, they would probably be too wise; and let us be thankful that good and wise folks become fools for the sake of childhood.

**MICHAEL FARADAY.** By J. H. Gladstone, Ph. D., F.R.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

This little volume is a friend's estimate and reminiscences of the great scientist, and makes a neat compendium of the theme. Really, one cannot much longer endure two-volume biographies, even of the Caesars whom we grow; and good as it is, Dr. Bence Jones's elaborate work seems out of proportion, not to the theme, but to the space in our crowded attention that can be had for even Faraday.

The book by Gladstone brings the dear old fellow very plainly before us: we see his big heart, his manliness, his kindly temper, and his sweet charity. Nor does it a whit lessen our admiration of his power to work, his penetration and his wonderful industry. How few workers there are, after all! A hundred average men hardly equal this one Faraday in execution—in bringing things to pass.

Mr. Gladstone divides his task into five chapters: The Story of his Life; Study of his Character; Fruits of his Experience; His Method of Working; The Value of his Discoveries. Each topic is treated with fulness enough for the average reader, and we believe with a truth to life and veracity.

of judgment that will make the book thoroughly trustworthy.

This son of a blacksmith, living from 1791 to 1867, rising from tending a book-stall to communing with the best men and the secretest nature, pure in life, holding fast to the Earth and taking sure hold on Heaven, working effectively and growing larger to the last, self-made, and self-cultured into admirable poise, is one of those products of modern life that atone for ages of brass and worlds of sham.

**WHAT KATY DID; A Story.** By Susan Coolidge, author of "The New Year's Bargain." With illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

This new domestic juvenile is neat, crisp, dainty and genuine. The author must know the little people by heart. The illustrations seem to us especially veracious, and inspire a hope that somebody who can draw something better than caricatures for campaigns, is coming to the front. If we could get Nast's amazing gift of drawing in some field fit to be trodden by clean-minded people, we should be as nearly happy as this world permits people to be.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD.** By Charles Dickens. With a portrait of the author. (Household Edition, Illustrated.)

New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

**THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.** By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Thomas Worth. (Household Edition.) New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

**AUNT JO'S SHRAP-BAG.** Vol. II. Shawl-Straps. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

**THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE:** As Told to my Child. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

**THE CHICAGO MEDICAL REGISTER AND DIRECTORY.** 1872-'73. Chicago: Edited and published by T. Davis Fitch, M.D., and Norman Bridge, M.D.

**THE FORMS OF WATER** in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers. By John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. With thirty-five illustrations. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

**THE PRAIRIE.** A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

**BESSIE.** A Novel. By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

**THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.** A Novel. By Hessa Stretton. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

## RECORD OF PROGRESS IN CHICAGO.

## SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

....Our Record for this number of THE LAKESIDE covers less than three weeks, being necessarily closed with the date December 16th. The period thus embraced has not, by any means, been unmarked by forward steps in the progress of Chicago.

On the 2d of December, the new Common Council held its first meeting, and on the same date the most of the new city administration officials assumed the functions of their several offices. The new Council is largely Republican in politics, and has been supposed to be in favor of a tolerably rigid enforcement of the ordinance prohibiting the sale of spirituous or malt liquors on Sunday. It has, however, already voted down, by 21 to 12, an ordinance requiring saloons to be closed at midnight; and it is very doubtful whether, in view of the partial failure of the attempt at Sunday closing thus far, and the recent decisions of the local courts, throwing difficulties in the way of convictions under the present State liquor law, any further municipal legislation can be obtained, looking to a more stringent regulation of the liquor traffic.

....Some interesting facts, touching the city's finances and recent public improvements, were submitted to the Council at its first meeting, by the Mayor and other city officers. From these, it appears that the city's bonded debt is \$13,546,000, with a floating debt of \$1,875,406, of which \$841,167 matures on or before April 1st, 1873. The annual taxes for 1872 amount to \$4,253,098, being 15 mills per dollar on a valuation of \$283,473,220. The expected revenue of the city from licenses and fines, in 1873, is \$500,000. From licenses alone, \$225,097 was collected during the year ending December 1st, 1872. The balance-

sheet of the Board of Public Works shows that there have been expended by that department, between April 1st and December 1st of the current year, for the repair and reconstruction of public works destroyed by the fire, and for the construction of new works, buildings, etc., \$1,794,586. Of this amount, \$382,237 went to rebuild burnt bridges and viaducts, and \$276,025 to defray the cost of the canal enlargement, over and above the \$3,000,000 granted by the State for that purpose. During the twelve months just completed, there have been laid in Chicago 21 1/2 miles of street water mains, making a total of 309 1/2 miles now down, costing, with the tunnels, pumping-works, reservoirs, etc., a total of \$5,250,000. During the same period, 8 and one-tenth miles of sewer have been built, which, added to the previous mileage, makes 169 and one-tenth miles of sewer in the city, draining a space of 4,372 acres. The total cost of constructing these sewers has been \$3,196,386, which is defrayed out of the proceeds of bonds issued for this specific purpose. The success of our sewerage system, and the measurable satisfaction which it gives, are a marvel, considering that our surface is absolutely flat, and that the primal foundation of the city is a marsh scarcely a yard above the low water level of the lake.

A notable incident in the city's progress in public works during the past year, is the entire absence of street grading, opening and paving, a class of improvements which has been going on very rapidly, meantime, in Washington and other cities. All work of this kind, in Chicago, has been suspended, not in any wise on account of the fire and its consequences, but on account of several decisions of the Supreme Court of the State, whereby special assessments (the

method by which the expense of all such improvements has hitherto been defrayed in Chicago) have been set aside as illegal, on such general grounds as to render it apparent that with the present temper of the Supreme Court such assessments cannot be enforced, and that, as a consequence, the City will be liable to contractors for all improvements ordered, no matter how private the benefits derived from them. This new construction of law, however, has not deprived the community of the benefit of sidewalks, of which 100 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles have been constructed since the fire. Of this mileage, 25,000 feet, or nearly five miles, consists of stone-flagging, mostly laid to replace walks destroyed by fire.

.... The improvement which has been going on along our lake and river shores, has been still more marked. Since the fire, 2,250 lineal feet of breakwater have been added to that previously constructed in the Chicago harbor, the cost of the addition being about \$200,000. This work is still in progress, the plan comprising a spacious harbor of refuge, built at the expense of the federal government. The river and the harbor entrance have, meantime, been kept well-dredged, and *eight miles* of new docks have been built, and three miles of fire-damaged docks repaired; the two last items involving an outlay of \$600,000.

At the mouth of the Calumet River, seven miles south of the city, a gigantic improvement is in progress at the expense of the federal government (so far as appropriations will go) and of a Dock and Canal Company composed of some of the first citizens of Chicago. The government has expended \$50,000 since the fire on the dredging, etc., at the Calumet harbor, and the company a nearly equal amount. Among the results of this work is a lumber entrance 300 feet wide and 10 feet deep; and the works already in progress will swallow up \$300,000 for the benefit of this promising port.

.... Railroads continue, however, to be Chicago's "best hold." Some indication of what is going on in this line of enterprise has been afforded in the two preceding issues of THE LAKESIDE. There is

little to add this month, beyond the facts which follow. The locomotives of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, or Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, have been sounding their whistles in the heart of Chicago; but the passenger trains of that new thoroughfare to St. Paul will not be running before the end of January. It has been settled that this corporation is to share in the grand passenger depot of the Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne Railway, on Madison street, near the river, and that an edifice for that purpose, equal, if not superior, to any in the world, will be commenced early in the coming spring. Early in December—almost simultaneously with the establishment of the new route just mentioned—the Chicago & Northwestern Railway completed its extension to Lake Superior, via Green Bay and Escanaba; and the Madison extension of the same line, via Elroy to Winona and St. Paul, was completed a few days later.

A fact well worth scoring down to the credit of Chicago, *a propos* of railways, is mentioned in the annual message of the Mayor. That is, that the Council, in granting right of way to the twelve railway companies seeking to enter the city with their ties and rails, exacted of them conditions and guarantees which were not thought of in the earlier days—an omission for which the community is now the sufferer. For instance, all the roads which have been granted right of way not already occupied, have been required to construct viaducts over their tracks and to indemnify the city for all damage to private property thus resulting.

.... Perhaps before closing the record of events noteworthy in the material progress of Chicago, some mention should be made of the revival of the business of furnishing abstracts of title to real estate—a business which, before the fire, was carried on by three firms, and which yielded great profits to its conductors. As is well known, the abstract books and indices, showing chains of title, which these three firms managed to save from the fire, constituted about the only evidences in documentary form by which owners of land in Cook County could establish their titles to the same. The



record books of the county, being public property, were of course neglected and lost. The abstract books being private property, it was somebody's immediate interest to save them, and they *were* saved. Then the legislature, after months of debate, doubt, and dallying, during which real estate titles remained in chaos, passed a law which was intended to make the abstract books and indices public property, by authorizing the purchase of them by the county. Then ensued other months of dallying and debate, this time on the part of the county authorities. As the owners of the precious books were, in the meantime, prohibited from furnishing abstracts of title, the condition of chaos remained, and the only way in which satisfactory transfers of real property could be made was by obtaining of the abstract makers an "opinion" as to the status of the title, paying lawyer's prices for it, or else by the purchaser's exacting from the seller a bond to furnish a satisfactory abstract of title whenever it should become practicable to do so.

Within the last three weeks this situation of affairs has been resolved—how? By the final refusal of the county to purchase the books at the price demanded (\$750,000 for "copies") and the transferring of the property to another firm (?) which will now go on with the business of furnishing abstracts, the same as before the fire. This leaves matters right where they were the day after the fire; yet there are many who believe that things are far better as they are than if the county had accepted the provisions of a law which made a very arbitrary and sweeping disposition of individual rights and sacred equities. At the same time, who knows but that the temporary check upon the freedom and facility of real estate transfers has been salutary in preventing a wholesale, promiscuous trading, which might have upset the now safe equilibrium of the markets, and fostered a spirit of speculation which would have been far from wholesome in its effects upon the rehabilitation of Chicago?

.... A glimpse of our great Free Library will do to set against the foregoing cheerful exhibit of material prosperity, on

the principle that contrasts enhance the effect of the view. The Free Library project is almost as old as the New Chicago; and it has had the aid, not only of legislative authority, but of generous contributions from almost every country in Christendom; yet it finds no quarters save a disused water tank, in the most dreary and clapboardy part of the city, and no literary treasures, save some 1200 volumes, chiefly or wholly donated. This list will, however, we suppose, be swelled by the time the tank is thrown open to the public (January 1). Already the collection of periodicals is very comprehensive, embracing the best of their kind in America, England, and several countries in continental Europe. More of this subject in our next issue.

.... This great city has been, for several weeks, without a free lodging house, such as all other cities provide for the unfortunates who find themselves homeless for a night. Hitherto, the indigent and otherwise unfortunate have been housed along with the bad and beastly—sometimes in the selfsame cell with them. At least this was the case until the Relief Society undertook the management of a lodging house, formerly pertaining to one of the police stations. Now that this enterprise has been given up, and the superintendent of police has prohibited the reception of lodgers in the regular police stations, the city authorities have wisely determined to open a free lodging house, to which benighted wanderers and semi-decent vagrants can betake themselves, with every assurance that they will *not* receive all the comforts of a home.

.... The Board of Trade—Chicago's most representative body—is showing a much more active disposition than formerly to purge itself of dishonest members. The latest of several expulsions which have taken place during the present year, are those of two old warehousemen whose elevators, known as Munn & Scott's by almost everybody who knew anything about Chicago, have identified them very intimately with the vast grain traffic of the city. They have, like most elevator keepers, always been accused, in a loose fashion, of

tampering with the grading of grain, cheating in the shortage, and taking licenses with the receipts, which form the principal medium of trade on 'Change. These things were condoned, or at least not punished; but when Messrs. Munn & Scott went to over-issuing receipts, and putting false bottoms into their grain bins—"the same with intent to deceive," as Truthful James hath it—then the thousand honest "scalpers" of the Board arose in their united might, and they "went for" those heathen warehousemen with the sharpest sticks within their grasp. Creditors, too, are "going for" them with legal processes which threaten to make the latitude and longitude of Chicago very uncomfortable for the famous warehousemen;—a state of things which ought to enforce very emphatically upon the convictions of the option-dealing fraternity the vital truth of their old copy-book maxim about "honesty" and "best policy."

.... The corporation of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, owning and occupying the buildings and grounds on Michigan avenue near Twenty-third street, held its annual meeting on the 13th of December, at the Asylum. The reports submitted showed that the institution had received during the year ending the 12th, wards to the number of 247, of whom 174 have been furnished with homes, and 17 have died during the same period. The average number of inmates is 90, though the Asylum has often been made to accommodate, in a crowded condition, about 100 children. The expenses of maintaining the family were only \$8,161.90 for the year; and as the receipts (including \$10,000 from the Relief Society) amounted to \$24,465.76, there was a considerable surplus to apply to the liquidation of the corporation's notes, given for the purchase of real estate. Col. J. L. James was elected president of the Society for the ensuing year.

.... Perhaps it should be mentioned, as an instance of "progress" in Chicago, that a criminal has actually been convicted of manslaughter (though murder was the charge). Joseph Ergovitch is his name,

from which it will be seen that he belongs to a nationality not largely represented in Chicago; hence he may escape an executive pardon. The probabilities of this are increased by the fact that the term of imprisonment to which he is sentenced is so exceedingly brief that the pardon-brokers would hardly have time to pass around their subscription paper for the signatures of the sympathetic, before Mr. Ergovitch would be out of quod, and exercising his sovereign prerogatives as of old.

.... We trust that we may, without liability to the charge of egotism, add to this record the commencement of the fifth year and ninth volume of *THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY*. During the period which has elapsed since its foundation, in the humblest manner, as "*The Western Monthly*," *THE LAKESIDE* has encountered a great many serious obstacles, financial and otherwise. It has found its way over or around them all, and finds its field broader, its vantage-ground higher, its sky brighter, and its forward course much more clearly marked out than ever before. It is an enterprise of a nature which has been universally deemed precarious, even in the best literary centres; and though its mission—that of confirming Chicago's title to rank as an emporium of letters—appealed to the patronage of the public-spirited, it is but just to say that the magazine, like most other Chicago enterprises, has received no favor or support except that which it commanded by the merit or the moment of its works. Since the magazine was founded, it has published original articles from the pens of many contributors whose talents have already secured for them an extensive public recognition, and from a score of younger writers, moving in the journalistic, professional, or political circles of the great Northwest, who are morally sure of equally wide recognition at no very distant date. *THE LAKESIDE* can now boast a list of contributors and a range of subjects second to those of no other magazine in the country. It looks toward the future with a complacent confidence, born of the surroundings of the present and the experiences of the past.

## THE REBUILDING.

THE fine stores which have been finished and occupied since our last month's Summary was made up, are so numerous that it is impossible to give so much as a list of them here — much less a description. We have therefore, ignoring the Pike Block and several other magnificent structures mentioned in our October number as being then in progress, picked out and illustrated (see frontispiece) one of the best of them — the block fronting west on State street, between Washington and Madison streets. This is the same section which before the fire contained the block of elegant stores known as Booksellers' Row, and may still be designated by that name, although but two of the three bookstores which formerly occupied Mr. Page's fine building are now quartered in the still finer one by which it has been replaced. The block, occupying a front of 350 feet, is entirely rebuilt; and though the buildings are owned by six different persons, the designs of the several *façades* are symmetrically grouped with a view to the united effect. [An exception has to be made for the present of a single front of twenty feet, which is occupied by a three-story building. This fault is to be remedied, however, without much delay.] At the south end of the block is the beautiful brown sandstone building occupied by Messrs. Richards, Shaw & Winslow — a gothic structure, characterized by its chaste design, its minarets at the roof, and its exquisitely carved ornaments. Next come the buildings of Peter Page, and Williams & Ferry, which are to appearances but one building, and which are characterized by their tall, graceful columns, carved of the handsome gray sandstone of which the front is composed. Upon the more northerly of these buildings the cornices rise just enough above the general level to give a pleasing airiness to the whole group. Of the buildings to the northward, the most noticeable is the Hale Building, of which a separate cut is given on the next leaf, where it is more fully described. The occupants of these stores are all first-class dealers, as their rents, ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,000 per year, indicate.

Adjoining the magnificent corner store of Richards, Shaw & Winslow — a detailed mention of which was made in the October LAKESIDE — is the mammoth carpet establishment of Messrs. E. F. Hollister & Co., occupying the beautiful building on the old site of the Western News Company. This entire building — 48 by 150 feet, and five stories high — is utilized by Messrs. Hollister & Co. to accommodate their immense business. The interior of the store is fitted up in a manner corresponding with its superb exterior, and stocked with an assortment of carpets, oil-cloths, curtains, and house-furnishing goods, that renders the keeping of the tenth commandment by the appreciative visitor almost an impossibility.

But one store differeth from another in glory, while neither necessarily disparages the other. Proceeding farther north in this splendid row of buildings, we find in the bookstores of Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., and W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., vastly more area, together with an equal lavishness of plate-glass, and corresponding taste and skill in the displaying of goods. It is refreshing and reassuring to find these stable old firms back in their old quarters, with better stocks of literary staples and luxuries than ever dealer dared to bring to Chicago before. This is especially the case in Jansen, McClurg & Co.'s, where the writer saw such cords of sumptuously bound volumes — such thousands of dollars bound up in *éditions de luxe* — that he could but query for a moment whether this were really Sybaris, "with modern improvements," in which we are dwelling, or whether it was a city which but yesterday rose from its ashes, and is even to-day buried in mortar and worn with much toil. An admirer of Macaulay and luxury together may find in this stock, for instance, eight different fine editions of that author's works, each more elegant than the other. Of Shakspeare, the variety is almost unlimited, including, for instance, the Charles Knight pictorial, bound in eight octavo volumes, tree calf, \$90 and \$100; Macmillan's best edition, in red morocco and red edges; several editions of Grant

White's Shakspeare, including one magnificent set which had been sent to England to be bound; a set or two of the famous Singer Shakspeare, in tree calf, ten volumes; the Stratford Shakspeare, the Landsdowne Shakspeare, and so on through various bindings of rare workmanship—some of which are special with this house—down to the Handy Volume Shakspeare, which sells at ten dollars for the set of thirteen volumes, and the various cheap varieties, ranging down to one dollar or less. It is also worth while to notice, as an item of progress in Chicago, that not only can her citizens find at home a far greater variety than ever before of rare books, works of *virtu*, and like luxuries, but they can find them at less prices than in New York—this being the case, to the writer's knowledge, with regard to several of the more costly books offered at Jansen, McClurg & Co.'s, on which are placed prices twenty-five per cent. below those demanded by the New York booksellers.

In the Hale Building, at the north end of the Row, are already quartered Messrs. Roddin & Hamilton, jewellers, and E. C. Lawrence & Co., crockery and glassware, on the first floor; while H. B. Bryant's Commercial College occupies the whole of the third floor. The store of Roddin & Hamilton is a model one for the sale of the precious wares in their line. In the first place, ample light is secured by the unusually lavish use of plate-glass for windows, of which there are 1800 square feet, chiefly in panes 80 by 176 inches. The floor is tiled with white Vermont marble. The counters are unequalled in the city in beauty and richness, being of four varieties of marble, in panels and Egyptian busts. The outer course of the panels is of the dark Columbian marble; the next of Italian clouded; and the centre of the wonderful new Winoski marble—a red, variegated stone, superior in beauty to the Tennessee (which it somewhat resembles), and taking a polish like the Scotch granite. Each of the four counters is ornamented between the panels with six of the Egyptian heads, delicately carved in white marble. Never has so much beauty been thrown into the usually neglected bases of shop-counters as here appears. The general effect of these

pieces of work is echoed in the walnut panels of the large cabinets standing by the walls, making the whole place a most charming resort. The same may be said of the store of E. C. Lawrence & Co., where an unprecedentedly rich and extensive stock of china and glassware has been showily disposed. Along the sides of the store, stretching ninety feet from front to rear, are placed several banks of mirror-plate, on which stand glittering rows of rare vases, goblets, wine-glasses, statuettes, and all manner of tempting wares—the mirrors, by their delusive reflection, repeating the vision *ad infinitum*, and creating the momentary impression that the spectator is gazing into an endless vista of crystal glory.

The Hale Building shown on the next page is entitled to a detailed description. It is a five-story edifice, 90 feet by 100, with an imposing front in the modern style, and marked by the fluted horizontal tracings in sections and the small serpentine columns which characterize the third and fourth stories. To all appearances, the front is of the handsomest, clearest gray sandstone; and the observer will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, pause long enough to admire its uniformity and finish, without discovering that the credit for this is due to art and not to nature. The handsome gray sandstone is not quarried and carved, but mixed and moulded. It is the famous Frear Stone of Chicago—probably the most perfect artificial stone of modern times. In despite of the general prejudice against this material, resulting from the many unsuccessful and sometimes disastrous attempts to make an available composition, several of the best architects of Chicago have boldly and unqualifiedly espoused the cause of the Frear Stone, being justified therein by the tests of quality which this material has withstood. These tests include all the shocks which frost, fire, sledge-hammers and crushing presses can furnish; and they unite to demonstrate the superiority of this stone, in all respects, to the most of the natural building stones available in this locality. Among the architects referred to is Mr. E. S. Jennison, who won the prize for the design of the Singer Building, and who, also, is the architect of the Hale Building.



THE HALE BUILDING.

The part which the Frear Stone is playing in the reconstruction of Chicago—furnishing the fronts of many of our very finest structures—warrants a notice in considerable detail of its history and its merits. No sooner had the smoke partially cleared away than the work of rebuilding commenced; and the chief need was a building material, durable, neat, and cheap. There were numerous quarries in our own and adjoining States, from which excellent stone for building purposes and beds of suitable clay for making good brick could be obtained; but the first was expensive and the latter generally of a poor quality. The builder found his “philosopher’s stone” in the invention of the Frear Artificial Stone, which is now being manufactured and used extensively in this city, and in many of the cities and towns not only of this country but in England.

During many years past, repeated efforts have been made by scientific men to produce an artificial stone which would combine cheapness, beauty, durability, and

adaptability to all purposes for which cut stone or brick is used. It was left for Chicago to make the discovery. In 1868, Mr. George A. Frear patented a combination which has resulted in a beautiful brown stone, combining all the requisite qualities for building material.

The extensive manufactory of the Frear Stone Company in Chicago, is located at the foot of 37th street, on the lake shore, and will well repay a visit. The details of manufacture can be briefly summed up as follows: The base of the artificial stone is the ordinary silica (sand or gravel), Portland cement, and a chemical solution of which shellac forms a component part. The process of placing in the moulds is simple, and is that adopted by nature in her formation of rock—pressure; the only apparent difference being, that while the slow process of nature occupies ages to form the stone, this invention improves on nature’s process, and produces from the sand a stone of any size or design almost instantly; and so closely is nature’s production

counterfeited in this stone that it is extremely difficult to detect the difference.

It is now about four years since Mr. Frear made his discovery, and the work done before the fire proved that the new stone fulfilled, in all respects, the promises made for it by the owners of the patent. Since the fire the stone has come rapidly into use, and has become an established article of trade in this city and throughout the entire country. The company is composed of wealthy, enterprising and substantial citizens; and that they are carrying on the manufacture on an extensive scale is shown by the large number of first-class buildings they have erected. Among the other elegant buildings the company have erected, or which are in process of erection (besides the Hale Building), may be mentioned the magnificent Phoenix Block, corner of Madison and Wells streets; Ward's Block, corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets; the Grannis Block, Wabash avenue; Hale & Emerson's very elaborate new building, at the corner of Washington and State streets; and the massive but chaste "Staats Zeitung" Building. The company are also busily engaged in preparing stone for the completion of the Bryan Block, at the corner of Dearborn and Randolph streets. This building will be one of the finest in the city, and will stand as a monument to the value of the artificial stone of which it is built. In other cities, also, the Frear Stone has been extensively introduced, and met with general favor. In New Haven, Conn., there has just been completed the finest artificial stone church in America—the "Dwight Place Church"—built of this material, at a cost of \$65,000, which is less than one-third what it would have cost had cut stone been used.

In addition to the preparation of actual blocks of stone for plain building purposes, and the manufacture of elaborate and elegant fire and frost-proof stone fronts of any design, the company has developed a new and important branch of industry, in the manufacture of ornamental stone-work of every description, and this at prices far below those of ordinary cut-stone work. The visitor to the company's works is shown elegant window and door-caps, each manu-

factured in the Frear Stone, more perfect in finish than can possibly be cut by an ordinary workman, and at a cost of less than one-fourth of the cost of native stone. In any size or architectural design, the work can be done by means of moulds, at prices so far below ordinary cut-stone work as to utterly defy competition.

In large orders the saving to builders by using this stone is not less than from 33 to 50 per cent.; some ornamentations can even be got out at a saving of 75 per cent. Ornamental capitals can be furnished at one-fourth the cost of carved work.

When Mr. Frear first obtained his patent, there were not wanting those who threw obstacles in the way, and predicted all manner of evil. One thought that his stone would not stand pressure; another that it would be liable to disintegrate from atmospheric influences and the action of fire or water. Time, which tries all things, has tested this matter. This stone has been made the subject of numerous very careful experiments to determine its qualities. Its capacity for resisting pressure, as compared with that of other material, has been thoroughly tested, as will be seen by referring to the certificate of the Ordnance Officer at the Navy Yard, Washington. A single  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch cube sustained 6,000 pounds without cracking. A single surface-foot of the Frear Stone will sustain 432 tons. This seems almost incredible; nevertheless it is a fact. Another test was applied to determine the relative endurance of the stones when subjected to lateral pressure, which was conducted in the following manner: A piece of each variety, three feet long by six inches wide and four inches in thickness, was suspended by three inch bearings on either end. The pressure was applied to the centre, with this result in the several instances: Frear's Artificial sustained a weight of 1,106 pounds; the Cleveland sandstone of 621 pounds; Canaan marble of 640 pounds; Portland stone of 759½ pounds; Athens marble of 971 pounds.

Another consideration of importance in comparing the degree of resistance which it offers to pressure, with the same quality in other stones, is that artificial stone has no lines of stratification, but is moulded solid,



and when removed from the moulds dries from the inside outward, so escaping the liability to break from flaws when used for building purposes.

The stone has been proved to resist the action of the atmosphere perfectly; and in every case has been found to increase in hardness from month to month and from year to year, in proportion to its exposure to atmospheric influences. It has even been tested by being plunged in sulphuric acid—not the ordinary acid of commerce, but the manufacturers' concentrated article, which is very much stronger—and no perceptible change was wrought; the stone came out of its bath as firm and solid as when it took the plunge. Athens marble—accounted the best building stone in the West—when subjected to this same test, was entirely dissolved.

The great fire settled the question of its fire-proof qualities. The buildings in which this stone was used as facings, were of course razed to the ground with the rest; but in few cases, notwithstanding the terrific heat, did the stone disintegrate or crumble. Many specimens were taken from the ruins and found to be harder and firmer than ever. Experiments tried at the works where defective blocks have been thrown on the beach and subjected for months to the washing of the waves, show the action of water to absolutely tend to make the stone even firmer and harder than before the experiments were commenced.

In producing the Frear Stone, the company seem to have reached the point of perfection, and have little left to struggle for, except to supply the enormous demand which has now set in upon them. To combine durability with cheapness and simplicity, is the point necessary to gain before any invention can be rendered of practical utility. The combination has been attained. The compactness of the stone gives it durability. The small amount of art or labor required to put the ingredients together, and the ease with which they are obtained make its manufacture cheap. Time is required to make the most useful invention universally acknowledged; and it must be confessed that the rapidity with which the Frear Stone has made its way into general favor is something astonishing,

in view of the maxim which we have just quoted.

Before leaving the Hale Building, we must not omit to mention another important institution of Chicago, which has commodious and permanent quarters there. We refer to the Bryant Commercial College—an institution so well known and of such extensive influence as to have taken a prominent position among the educational institutions of the country.

Until a comparatively recent date commerce was held in disrepute among the civilized nations. To be an agriculturalist was honorable, but to engage in any kind of traffic was unworthy a gentleman. Buying and selling was left to social scullions. That nonsense has at last been outgrown. To be a good business man is now quite as honorable as to stand well in a profession. The public mind has finally come to appreciate the fact that there is such a thing as the science of commerce; that traffic is a vast network which requires for its understanding and practice as high an order of intellect as the study and practice of any of "the learned professions."

In lifting the popular sentiment to a just conception of the dignity of trade, probably no one man has done so much as H. B. Bryant, of Chicago, the father of the chain of Commercial Colleges which are continually teaching thousands of youth the principles of the science of commerce. Few men active in current affairs deserve more honor. He struck out a distinct and important new path in education. At present Mr. Bryant's labors are confined to Chicago, the commercial capital, *in prospectu*, of America; but once his supervision and proprietorship extended to no less than thirty-eight commercial colleges, scattered throughout the large cities of the country. The "new departure" in business training began in Cleveland, and after a brief confinement to the limits of that town, took its course over the nation. Until then, few had so much as dreams of a *curriculum* for business men, similar in principle to the special studies provided for each profession; yet so sensible was the plan, that Messrs. Bryant and Stratton soon found themselves famous, and on the high road to wealth. The Chicago



link in their chain was established in 1856. It was not until 1869 that the founders severed their connection with all other institutions, and made the College in this city their only care. From that time on it became confessedly the best Business College in the country. In 1867 Mr. Stratton died, his death being a great loss; but there has never been wanting for the institution professors "apt to teach." At the time of the Great Fire, the College was in admirable condition. The rooms had been newly repaired, the list of scholars was long, and everything looked prosperous. The flames devoured the building, with nearly all its contents, and scattered the scholars.

Mr. Bryant had a partner at the time. The latter thought that whatever else might survive, their College was ruined. Mr. Bryant himself took a more hopeful view of the case. He at once bought a church on the corner of Twenty-second street and Indiana avenue, and in an incredibly short time our "man with a meeting-house" was once more at the head of a flourishing Commercial College. After tarrying in that sanctuary a little over a year, Bryant & Stratton's Business College has gone back "down town." Formerly it was on the northeast corner of Clark and Washington streets, the busiest nook of old Chicago. Now it is on the southeast corner of State

and Washington streets, occupying the third floor of the beautiful Hale Building, a cut of which appears in this issue. It is of all places in the city, the best location. Its surroundings are peculiarly appropriate, everything considered. Being a college, it naturally gravitated to Booksellers' Row; and being devoted to commerce in all its branches, it has opposite it in one direction, the most mammoth store of the city, and on the other the leading bank of Chicago.

While acquiring the science of trade, the student has practical examples continually set before him. To be in this city at the very focal point of its activity, is of itself a great advantage to the youth, preparing him to enter the world of commerce, whether as merchant or banker. Having learned thoroughly what the schools of his own town have to teach, the student can in a short time complete his preparations for entering upon a business career. At a small expense one may acquire information and a drill which will be of inestimable value. So complicated are business transactions in these days that the man who starts out in life without a commercial education, will rarely be able to compete successfully with his more fortunate rival. For this reason we call especial attention to the restored and enlarged and improved Bryant Business College.